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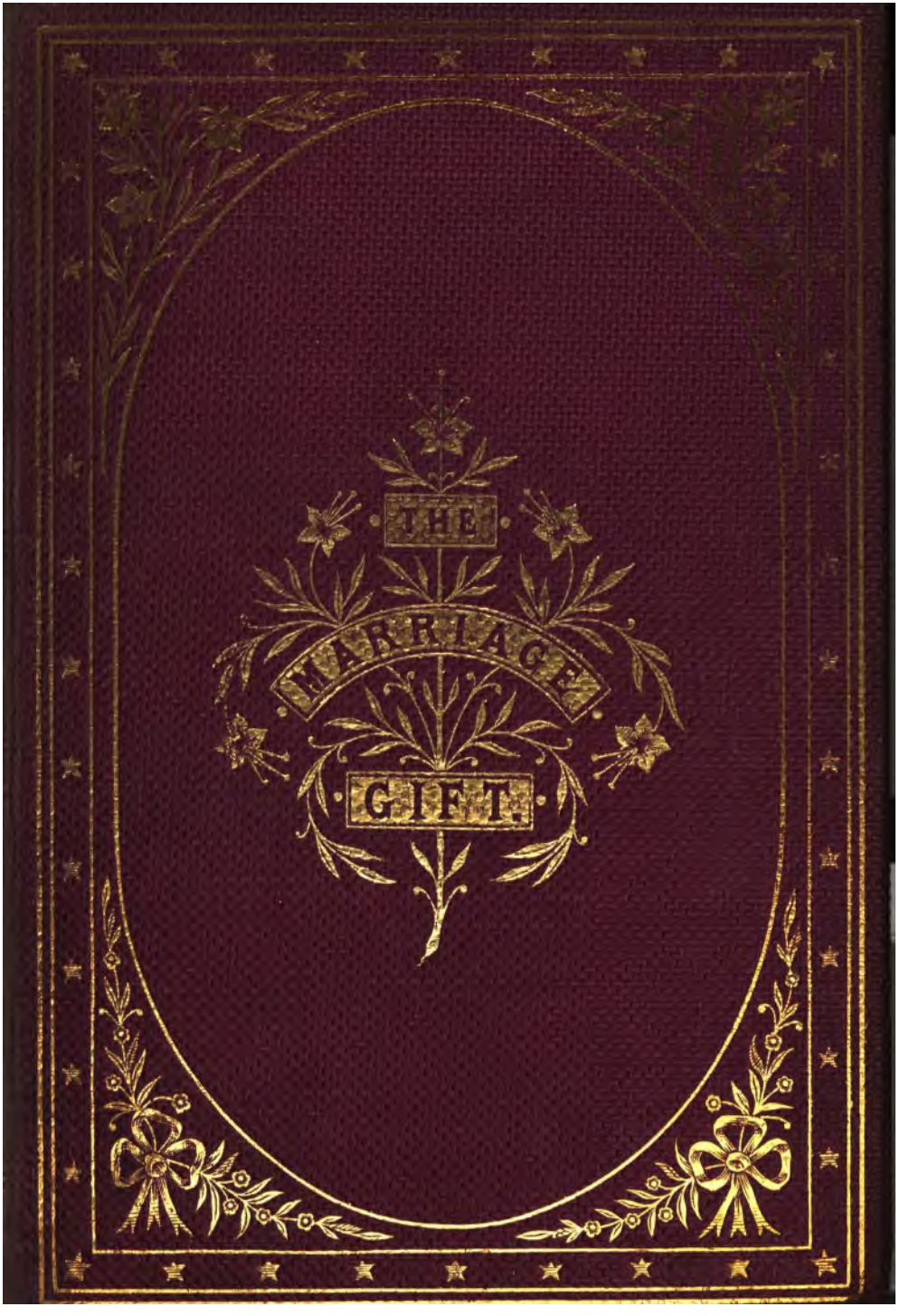
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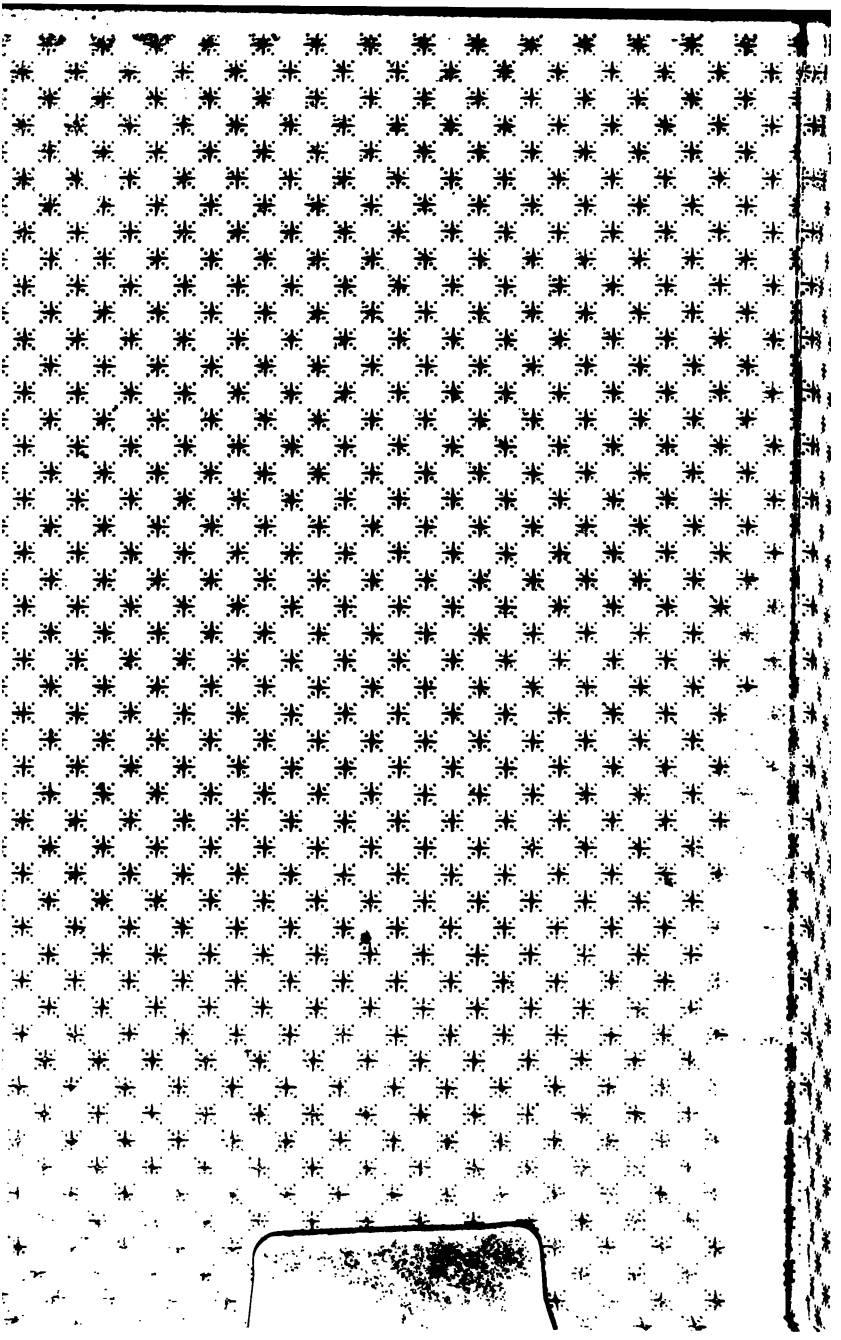

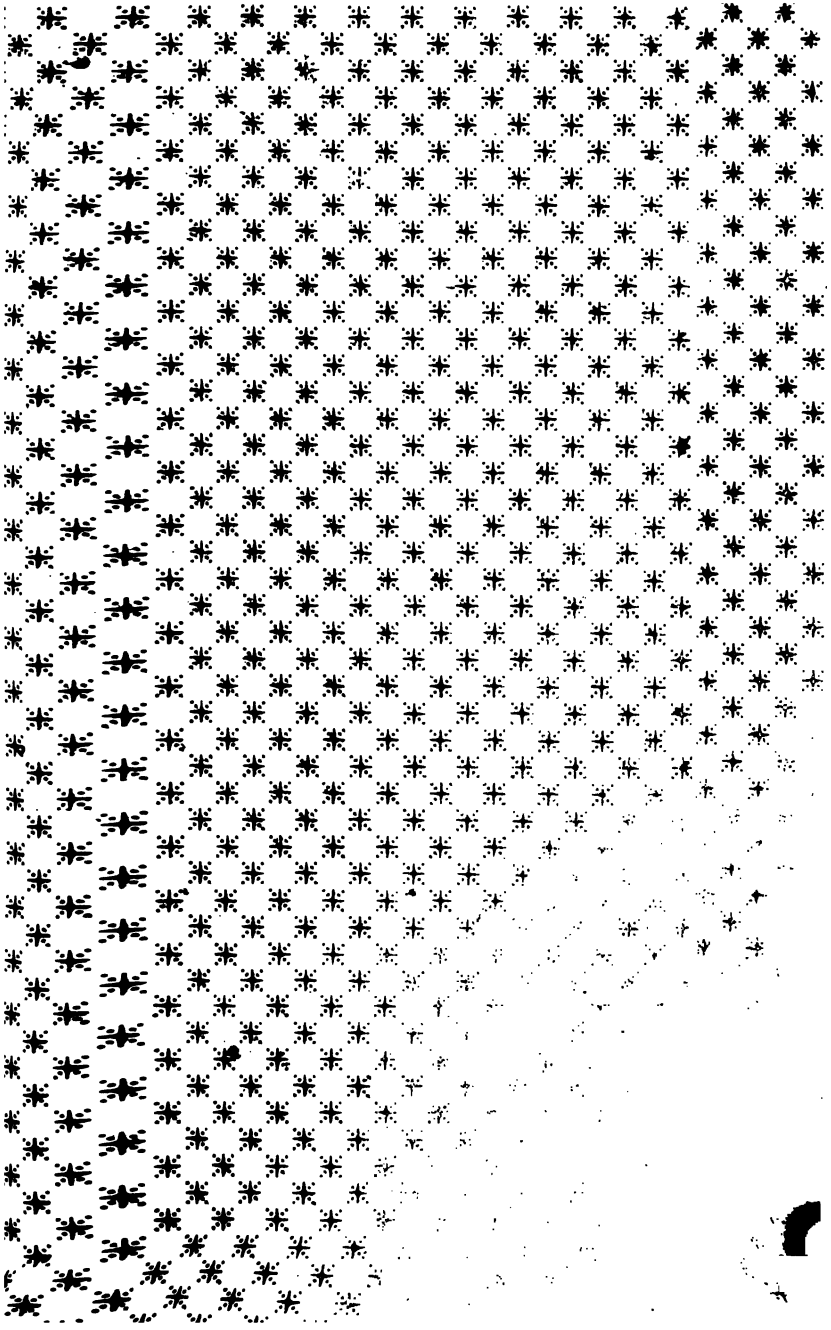

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THE

MARRIAGE GIFT BOOK

AND BRIDAL TOKEN.

"Our mutual bond of faith and truth
No time shall disengage;
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age."

COWPER.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "PULPIT CYCLOPÆDIA," "CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY," "SKETCHES AND SKELETONS OF SERMONS," "CHRISTIAN'S DAILY PORTION," "YOUTHFUL CHRISTIAN," "NONE BUT JESUS," "CHRISTIAN EXERCISES FOR EVERY LORD'S DAY," ETC.

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DEDICATION.

TO

The Ladies of the British Isles,

WHO OCCUPY

AMONG THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD THE MOST ELEVATED RANK,

POSSESSING UNRIVALLED PHYSICAL HEALTH, VIGOUR,

AND BEAUTY;

HIGH INTELLECTUAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS;

WITH DISTINGUSHED MORAL AND RELIGIOUS EXCELLENCIES;

ADMIRABLY QUALIFYING THEM

FOR THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF WIVES AND MOTHERS,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume is just what the title indicates—a Gift Book for the newly-married. As such, it is designed to present a general view of those interesting subjects connected with the married state.—Love, with its kindred train of joyous themes.—The reciprocal duties and enjoyments arising out of the conjugal union.—Marriage rites and customs of different ages and peoples. A Portrait Gallery of justly celebrated wives;—with "Table Talk," &c., &c., of great and illustrious men on the subject of Woman. Poets, Moralists, Biographists Philosophers and Divines, have been laid

under contribution. One choice article from the pen of that justly celebrated and popular writer, M. F. Tupper, it is to be hoped will lead all who have not read his incomparable "Proverbial Philosophy," at once to possess themselves of that intellectual and moral treasure. That the work may add to the brightness of many a newly constituted domestic hearth, and cheer, and instruct many a newly-married pair, is the earnest desire of

THE AUTHOR.

Paddington, 1863.

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THE

MARRIAGE GIFT BOOK

AND BRIDAL TOKEN.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast;
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Full often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care,
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

Byron.

THE MARRIAGE GIFT BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

POETICAL VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

AN institution so divine, so ancient, and so momentous as marriage, could not fail to enlist the poetic muse. This theme has been sung in all ages and languages, and will be so to the end of the world. It is ours to present brief selections from the noble and the good; and who so fit to herald his fellows as our own immortal Milton. As monarch, among his brethren, his sublime strains, shall introduce his inspired compeers.

"Hail! wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In paradise of all things common else—
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men

Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known—
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!"

MILTON.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is with us
"The holiest ordinance of God, whereon
The bliss or vale of human life depends—
Love must be won by love, and heart to heart
Link'd in mysterious sympathy, before
We pledge the marriage vow; and some there are,
Who hold, that, ere we enter into life,
Soul hath with soul been mated, each for each
Especially ordained——"

SOUTHEY.

MARRIAGE VOWS.

The ring is on;
The "wilt thou" answer'd, and again
The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of twain
The sweet "I will" has made ye one.

TENNYSON.

THE HOLY VOW.

The holy vow

"And ring of gold, no fond illusion now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed;
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing!
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined:
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before——"

ROGERS.

THE FIRST MARRIED PAIR.

"Adam, live and be happy, and, with thy Eve,
Fit consort, multiply and fill the earth.
Thus they, the representatives of men,
Were placed in Eden—choicest spot of earth—

With royal honour and with glory crowned;
Adam, the lord of all, majestic walked,
With godlike countenance sublime, and form
Of lofty towering strength; and by his side
Eve, fair as morning star, with modesty
Arrayed, with virtue, grace, and perfect love:
In holy marriage wed, and eloquent
Of thought and comely words, to worship God
And sing his praise, the Giver of all good;
Glad, in each other glad, and glad in hope,
Rejoicing in their future happy race.
O lovely, happy, blest, immortal pair!
Pleased with the present, full of glorious hope;
But short, alas! the song that sings their bliss.
Henceforth the history of man grows dark;
Shade after shade of deepening gloom descends;
And innocence laments her robes defiled—
Who farther sings, must change the pleasant lyre
To heavy notes of woe——"

POLLOCK.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

"Not for the summer-hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join.

But for those stern and wintry days
Of peril, pain, and fear,
When heaven's wise discipline makes
This earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which as a blast doth fly,
And, like the transient flower of grass,
Just blossom, droop, and die;

But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take:
Grant us, O God! one home at last,
For our Redeemer's sake."

L. H. Sigourney.

OF MARRIAGE.

"Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of his providence;
Yet ask not in bold confidence that which he hath not promised:
Thou knowest not his good will—be thy prayer, then, submissive thereunto;
And leave thy petition to his mercy, assured that he will deal well with thee.

If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;

Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal; yea, though thou hast not seen her.

They that love early become like-minded, and the temper toucheth them not:

They grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the vine.

Youth longeth for a kindred spirit, and yearneth for a heart that can commune with his own;

He meditateth night and day, doting on the image of his fancy.

Take heed that what charmeth thee is real, nor springeth of thine own imagination;

And suffer not trifles to win thy love, for a wife is thine unto death.

The harp and the voice may thrill thee, and sound may enchant thine ear,

But consider thou, the hand will wither, and the sweet notes turn to discord:

The eye, so brilliant at even, may be red with sorrow in the morning;

And the sylph-like form of elegance must writhe in the crampings of pain.

O, happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of the angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love:
But beware thou seem not be holy to win favour in the eyes of a creature,
For the guilt of the hypocrite is deadly, and winneth thee wrath elsewhere.
The idol of thy heart is as thou, a probationary sojourner on earth;
Therefore be chary of her soul, for that is the jewel in her casket:
Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy house—
A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train:
Let her be an heir of heaven; so shall she help thee on thy way:
For those who are one in faith, fight double-handed against evil.
Take heed lest she love thee before God—that she be not an idolater:
Yet see thou that she love thee well, for her heart is the heart of woman;
And the triple nature of humanity must be bound by a triple chain,
For soul, and mind, and body—godliness, esteem, and affection.

Mark the converse of one thou lovest, that it be simple and sincere;

For an artful or false woman shall set thy pillow with thorns.

Observe her deportment with others, when she thinketh not that thou art nigh,

For with thee will the blushes of love conceal the true colour of her mind.

Hath she learning? it is good, so that modesty go with it;

Hath she wisdom? it is precious, but beware that thou exceed;

For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is of the mind.

Be joined to thine equal in rank, or the foot of pride will kick at thee;

And look not only for riches, lest thou be mated with misery;

Marry not without means, for so shouldst thou tempt Providence;

But wait not for more than enough, for marriage is the duty of most men:

Grievous, indeed, must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health,

And a well-assorted marriage hath not many cares.

In the day of thy joy consider the poor: thou shalt reap a rich harvest of blessing;

For these be the pensioners of One who filleth thy cup with pleasures:

In the day of thy joy be thankful—He hath well deserved thy praise;

Mean and selfish is the heart that seeketh Him only in sorrow.

For her sake, who leaneth on thine arm, court not the notice of the world,

And remember that sober privacy is comelier than public display.

If thou marriest, thou art allied unto strangers; see they be not such as shame thee:

If thou marriest, thou leavest thine own; see that it be not done in anger.

Bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together,

In this, the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of Heaven:

Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers,

And at eventide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed:

Angels that are around you shall be glad—those loving ministers of mercy,

And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on his favoured children.

Marriage is a figure and an earnest of holier things unseen,

And reverence well becometh the symbol of dignity and glory.

Keep thy heart pure, lest thou do dishonour to thy state.
Selfishness is base and hateful; but love considereth not itself.
The wicked turneth good into evil, for his mind is warped within him;
But the heart of the righteous is chaste—his conscience casteth off sin.
If thou wilt be loved, render implicit confidence;
If thou wouldst not suspect, receive full confidence in turn;
For where trust is not reciprocal, the love that trusted withereth.
Hide not your grief nor your gladness; be open, one with the other.
Let bitterness be strange unto your tongues, but sympathy a dweller in your hearts:
Imparting halveth the evils, while it doubleth the pleasures of life,
But sorrows breed and thicken in the gloomy bosom of Reserve——"

TUPPER.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"O, proudly I stood in the rare sunrise,
As the dawn of your beauty brake;
And I fear'd for the storm, as I lookt at the skies,
And trembled for your sweet sake!
And O, may the evil days come not, I said,
As I yearn'd o'er my tender blossom!
Strong arm of love! shelter the dear one's head;
And I nestled you in my bosom.
May the tears never dim the love-light of her eye,
May her life be all spring weather—
Was the prayer of my heart, ere you, love, and I,
Were husband and wife together.

But the suns will shine, and the rains will fall,
On the loftiest, lowliest spot;
And there's mourning and merriment mingled for all
That inherit the human lot.
So we've suffer'd and sorrow'd, and grown more strong,
Heart to heart, side to side, we have striven,
With the love that makes summer-tide all the year long,
And the heart that is its own heaven.
We clung the more close as the storm swept by,
And kept the nest warm in cold weather;
And seldom we've falter'd since you, love, and I,
Have been husband and wife together.

Like the sweet happy flowers of the wilderness,
You have dwelt life to life with Nature;
And caught the wild beauty and grace of her ways,
And grown to her heavenlier stature.
In prospering calm, and in quickening strife,
Hath your womanly worth unfolden;
And sunshine and show'r have enricht your life,
And ripen'd its harvest golden.
There is good in the grimmest cloud o' the sky,
There are blessings in wintry weather:
Even grief hath its glory, since you, love, and I,
Have been husband and wife together.
O, life is not perfect with love's first kiss;
Who would win the blessing must wrestle;
And the deeper the sorrow the dearer the bliss,
That in its rich core may nestle.
Our angels oft greet us in tearful guise,
And our saviours come in sorrow;
While the murkiest midnight that frowns from the skies,
Is at heart a radiant morrow.
We laugh and we cry, we sing and we sigh,
And life will have wintry weather;
So we'll hope and love on, since you, love, and I,
Are husband and wife together——"

GERALD MASSEY.

CHAPTER II.

VARIOUS ASPECTS OF THE MARRIAGE RELATIONSHIP.

God having endowed man with all the elements of a social nature, it was indispensable to his happiness that he should have kindred beings with whom he could have agreeable intercourse and communion. Solitude and isolation were contrary to the laws of his being, so that Scripture expresses very forcibly the obvious truth, that "it is not good that the man should be alone." It is true he had been made in the Divine Image, and it is highly probable that there might be spiritual intercommunion between him and angels; but he had a physical nature, he was a compound being, in short man, and so must have some one having a similar constitution, and similar emotions, that he might enjoy true and entire communion with them. So that God in his boundless goodness provided for this want, and gave him a companion of his own nature, bone of his bone,

flesh of his flesh, spirit with his spirit, in all things the true and perfect reflection of himself—and she was to be in every sense "a help-meet for him," one who should command his esteem, attract his admiration, and be worthy of his heartiest love and most entire confidence —a relative of the closest kin—a friend of the nearest compact—a companion for all places and seasons, and one who should be the object of his heart's delight, and his most intense solicitude and joy. Here the bliss of Adam in his earthly Paradise was completed. He could sympathize, commune, converse, and mutually enjoy the bliss of Eden with his lovely other self, his wife, and the destined mother of all living human beings.

This subject is beautifully presented by the excellent and sainted John Angell James, where he says—

The domestic constitution is a divine institute. God formed it himself. "He taketh the solitary and setteth him in families;" and, like all the rest of his works, it is well and wisely done. It is, as a system of government, quite unique: neither below the heavens, nor above them, is there any thing precisely like it. In some respects it resembles the civil government of a state: in others, the ecclesiastical rule of a church; and it is there that the church and the state may be said to

meet. "This meeting, however, is only on a very small scale, and under very peculiar circumstances." When directed as it should be, every family has a sacred character, inasmuch as the head of it acts the part of both the prophet and priest of the household, by instructing them in the knowledge, and leading them in the worship of God; while at the same time, he discharges the duties of a king, by supporting a system of order, subordination and discipline. Conformably with its nature is its design: beyond the benefit of the individuals which compose it, and which is its first and immediate object, it is intended to promote the welfare of the national community to which it belongs, and of which it is a part: hence every nation has stamped a great value on the family compact, and guarded it with the most powerful sanctions. Well instructed, well ordered, and well governed families, are the springs, which, from their retirements, send forth the tributary streams that make up by their confluence the majestic flow of national greatness and prosperity: nor can any state be prosperous, where family order and subordination are generally neglected; nor otherwise *than* prosperous, whatever be its political forms, where these are generally maintained.

MARRIAGE IS AN INSTITUTION OF PECULIAR IMPORTANCE.

It is of divine ordination, and almost coeval with the existence of the human race. It is the origin of families; the source of the continuance and welfare of nations. It distinguishes man from the brute creation, excludes the disorders of licentiousness, and cherishes the sweetest affections of the heart. There is no union, the quality of which is so intimate, the obligation of which is so binding, the consequences of which are so momentous. It even surpasses natural relation, "and for this cause shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh; what therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

Hence the opinion of those who would either banish or degrade marriage, has always been held by the wise and the virtuous, as a sentiment the most vile and injurious, equally destructive of morals, and of social happiness. Hence many of the philosophers and legislators, even in the heathen world, were peculiarly solicitous to establish, to sanction, to encourage, and to regulate this institution. But in this, as well as in every

other instance favourable to the welfare of mankind, the "gospel of our salvation" has the pre-eminence. It classes the prohibition of the ordinance with "the doctrine of devils,"—assures us "marriage is honourable in all"—leads us back to its commencement in paradise—renders the bond indissoluble—places it under the jurisdiction of heaven—takes from it an image to prefigure the union of CHRIST and his people—and often makes it the subject of particular instruction.

GENIAL INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

Who depends so much on opinion and esteem, or feels so many motives to preserve reputation unblemished?—Denied so often the liberty of divulging their emotions, Who so ready to seize the privilege of prayer, and to "pour out the heart before God?"—Who so susceptible of lively impressions?—Who feels so powerfully the thrilling of sympathy, or melts down so easily into all the tendernesses of benevolence?—While we think, they feel—while we deliberate, they relieve What woman was ever destitute of commiseration?—It was not a woman that unfeelingly, "looked on," or "passed by on the other side," when the poor traveller

lay, wounded, bleeding half-dead.—Who so accustomed to self denial, the first, the last lesson, in the school of CHRIST?—Who feels such vicissitudes of health, or passes through scenes of pain and hazard so adapted to excite an entire dependence upon GOD, and to awaken solemn thought by bringing another world nearer the view? Less occupied in the distracting concerns of business, she has more time for solitude and reflection. Her general sphere of action, is much more propitious to innocency and devotion. Her joys are more immediately derived from her virtues. Home is the chief place of her amusements.

Of all the causes which form our manners, none operates so powerfully as female intercourse. If confined entirely to their company, we become effeminate —if constantly excluded from it, we contract roughness of temper, and a negligence of person; our behaviour assumes a ruder form, our voice a harsher tone; our sensations are less delicate, our passions more brutal. Who has so many avenues to the heart as a woman?—What influence affects like hers? By means of a connection the most attractive, an intercourse the most familiar—the persuasion of words, the eloquence of tears, an example the most lovely and always placed in view

—a wife has a thousand opportunities of removing prepossessions, of fixing impressions, of engaging attention, of insinuating goodness.

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS BY JEREMY TAYLOR.

"Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have by the warm rays of the sun, and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at

first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. It is a very great passion, or a huge folly, or a certain want of love, that cannot preserve the colours and beauties of kindness, so long as public honesty requires a man to wear their sorrows for the death of a friend. *Plutarch* compares a new marriage to a vessel before the hoops are on; everything dissolves its tender compaginations: but when the joints are stiffened and are tied by a firm compliance and proportioned bending, scarcely can it be dissolved without fire, or the violence of iron. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

"Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and uneasy by an habitual aversation. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep,

and the reason is disquieted, but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if in the daylight of his reason he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then, when they can be troubled with a trifling accident; and therefore it is not good to attempt their affections when they are in that state of danger. In this case, the caution is, to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath, or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return, and the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint: ever remembering that discontents proceeding from daily little things, do breed a secret undiscernible disease, which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit."

If they would preserve love, let them be sure to

study most accurately each others tastes and distastes, and most anxiously abstain from whatever, even in the minutest things, they know to be contrary to them. The ancients, in their conjugal allegories, used to represent Mercury standing by Venus, to signify that by fair language, and sweet entreaties, the minds of each other should be united.

If they would preserve love, let them most carefully avoid all curious, and frequently repeated distinctions of MINE and THINE: for this hath caused all the laws, and all the suits, and all the wars in the world: let them who have but one person, have also but one interest. Instances may occur in which there may and must be a separate investiture of property, and a sovereign independent right of disposal in the woman: in this case, the most anxious care should be taken by the husband, not to attempt to invade that right, and by the wife neither ostentatiously to speak of it, nor rigidly to claim it, nor selfishly to exercise it. In ordinary cases, "they should be heirs to each other, if they die childless; and if there be children, the wife should be with them a partner in the inheritance. But during their life the use and employment is common to both their necessities, and in this there is no other difference of right, but that

the man hath the dispensation of all, and may keep it from his wife, just as the governor of a town may keep it from the right owner; he hath the *power*, but not the *right* to do so."

TRUE ADORNING OF WOMAN.

Suffer me then, my fair hearers, says the wise and venerable Mr. Jay, to recommend this exchange, this preference of decoration. Like "the king's daughter, be all glorious within." Let the Bible be the mirror at which you dress; and while others are weightily engaged in catching a fashion, or adjusting a curl, let the object of your cultivation be the understanding, the memory, the will, the affections, the conscience. Let no part of this internal creation be unadorned: let it sparkle with the diamonds of wisdom, of prudence, of humility, of gentleness. These ornaments alone will confer dignity, and prepare for usefulness. If destitute of these, can you imagine it possible to obtain real, durable regard? Need you be told, that these skin-deep perfections, these exterior senseless appendages, imply no excellency in the wearer, and are only admired by the weak, or the worthless? Are you ignorant that

men often despise a soul lodged in a form they adore, and admire nonsense, because it is poured from handsome lips? Are you designed for toys, or rational beings? the playthings of the senses, or improving companions? Would you in company keep your husbands on thorns, while they wish you to be seen, and hope you will not be heard; knowing how much more likely you are to strike by the quality and pattern of your robes, than by the insipidity and inanity of your discourse?—Adorn yourselves in the newest mode, in the richest attire, plait your hair, deck yourselves with pearls—will these render you valuable?—Will these qualify you to manage the concerns of a family, "to give a portion to your maidens," to train up your children in wisdom and virtue, to be a help-meet for your husband!—What! are you endued with reason and immortality, only to be enamoured with a piece of embroidery, or to pay your devotions to the colour of silk?—Are you sublimely resolved never, never to leave the world of fans, and enter the region of intelligence and of mind?

These decorations are "not CORRUPTIBLE." All other ornaments "perish in the using." All other attire gives place to the shroud. "Beauty consumes

away like a moth"—the sparkling eye "is closed in darkness"—the body is "laid in the grave—death shall feed upon it." The charmer, looking in vain for admirers, says "to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister."—Prolong life. Accidents may disfigure, and diseases corrode. —How quickly time changes the countenance!— How transient the empire of colours and of tints!— How soon wrinkles and gaudy attire disagree!— Having laid in no stock of mental influence, and sober entertainment against the evil day, what becomes of these delightful creatures? A few years reduce them to insignificance, leaving them only the humiliating claims of pity, or the uncertain returns of gratitude.— But an accomplished pious woman, can never be the object of neglect—she will attract notice, and confer happiness, even when descending into the vale of years. The ravages of time cannot reach the soul: death cannot strip off the habits of immortality: it will only change her "from glory to glory:" only remove her from earth, unworthy of her continuance, and place her among "the innumerable company of angels."

THE HUSBAND'S SACRED OBLIGATIONS.

You are to give HONOUR unto the wife.—What honour?

The honour of ESTEEM. This is to arise from a consciousness of her worth, and a knowledge of her importance in the community—in the family—and to yourselves—by polishing your character, dividing your cares, soothing your sorrows, affording you in a peaceful home a refuge from the storm, an asylum from the mortifications of an unfriendly world.

The honour of ATTACHMENT. This affection is to be peculiar, undivided, unrivalled. Nothing is to wear it away—nothing to diminish it: no length of time, no discovery of imperfection. Children are parts of yourselves, but your wives ARE yourselves. "No MAN ever yet hated his own flesh:"—but many a MONSTER has done so.

The honour of ATTENTION. Nothing is so intolerable to a female as neglect; and upon what principle can a man justify indifference, omissions of observance, and

heedless manners towards a WIFE? Has he not chosen her? Has he not declared his preference? Are not the vows of God upon him? Is she not the chief relation he possesses on earth?

The honour of CONFIDENCE. You are not to proceed without their knowledge and advice. In many cases their opinion may be preferable to your own. Their judgment may be less clouded by interest: they stand back from the object, you are too near; they are cool and calm, you, by being in the scene, are ruffled, and inflamed.

The honour of MAINTENANCE. You are to provide for them, and enable them to appear becoming their rank and situation in life.—What can we think of the man who squanders away his substance upon his lewd or his drunken appetites, reduces his wife to a drudge, and suffers her with her babes to struggle with the hardships of penury, unable to procure a sufficiency of food, or raiment?—"If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

THE WIFE'S AFFECTIONATE PLEA.

What is the language of these circumstances?—Honour us; deal kindly with us. From many of the opportunities and means by which you procure favourable notice, we are excluded. Doomed to the shades, few of the high places of the earth are open to us. Alternately we are adored and oppressed. From our slaves, you become our tyrants. You feel our beauty, and avail yourselves of our weakness. You complain of our inferiority, but none of your behaviour bids us rise. Sensibility has given us a thousand feelings, which nature has kindly denied you.—Always under restraints, we have little liberty of choice. Providence seems to have been more attentive to enable us to confer happiness, than to enjoy it.—Every condition has for us fresh mortifications; every relation new sorrows. We enter social bonds; it is a system of perpetual sacrifice. We cannot give life to others, without hazarding our own. We have sufferings which you do not share, cannot share.—If spared, years, and decays invade our charms, and much of the ardour pro-

duced by attraction departs with it.—We may die.—The grave covers us, and we are soon forgotten: soon are the days of your mourning ended, soon is our loss repaired: dismissed even from your speech, our name is to be heard no more—a successor may dislike it. Our children, after having a mother by nature, may fall under the control of a mother by affinity, and be mortified by distinctions made between them, and her *own* offspring.—Though the duties which we have discharged invariably, be the most important and necessary, they do not shine: they are too common to strike: they procure no celebrity: the wife, the mother fills no historic page. Our privations, our confinements, our wearisome days, our interrupted, our sleepless nights, the hours we have hung in anxious watchings over your sick and dying offspring."

CHAPTER III.

THE HONOUR AND LOVE WOMAN DEMANDS.

WOMAN made for man, to be his companion and co-sharer of the joys or sorrows of his life, was designed to be the special object of his love and honour. Towards her his dearest and warmest affections must flow, in her he is to behold the most precious object of his esteem and delight. Affection is to be the base of the fabric and esteem the structure which he is to rear on it.

Intense love is needful in a relationship which is to be so close as to make of two persons one flesh. Intimacy so close, fellowship and intercourse so incessant would dwindle into a familiarity and negligent contempt, if not thoroughly allied to the fondest affection and delight. But when thus cemented by the out-

bursting feelings of warm-hearted love, then there rises from it the most elevated esteem, and the most sacred honor and regard. Yes, the love that God approves is to be in every sense equal to that which a man has for himself. He is to love his wife as his own flesh. And then he is to honor, in every possible way, the object of his earnest and devoted attachment.

If she, by virtue of her more impassioned nature, more than reciprocates his manly affection, then is he to recognise this, and by exalted emotions to show his estimate of it. Her name, her offices, her duties, her anxieties are all to have his esteem and honorable regard. Nothing that concerns her can be indifferent to him, and it will be his highest delight to be found increasing her influence, and manifesting the sense he entertains of her excellence and worth.

This honour, however, will have regard to her mind and moral character, as well as to her outward form or physical nature. He will honour the woman—the help-meet, the wife, the companion, the transcript of himself, and in all things worthy to dwell in his heart, and to be the desire of his eyes, and nothing inferior except in feminine delicacy and weakness, calling more loudly for his manly regard and affectionate care.

"When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own; that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuosest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls,
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows:
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed."

MILTON.

BONNIE JEAN.

"It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might well awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I ha'e,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die." BURNS.

AWAKE, MY LOVE.

"Awake, my love! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's meed of pilgrim grey;
Ere yet the hare, cowered close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew;
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs;
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake!

She combed her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes and clasped her shoon,
And from her home by Preston burn
Came forth the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropt, now loud, now hush;—
The gold-spink answered from the bush,—
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Called from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery grey,
To hearken Heaven, and bush and brake,
Instinct with soul of song, awake;—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lovely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon caroling lark?
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warns its wild note with nuptial love—
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock 'round."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LOVE.

"Oh Love, no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart—
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled Heaven,

Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parched—wearied—
wrung—and riven."

BYRON.

LOVE.

"The joys of Love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietness,
That worldly chances do amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessedness;
Liker to Heaven than mortal wretchedness;
Therefore the winged God, to let man weet
That here on earth is no sure happiness,
A thousand sours has temper'd with one sweet
To make it seem more dear and dainty, as is meet."

SPENCER.

TRUE LOVE.

"True Love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the Heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul combined."

Scott.

PERFECT BEAUTY.

"A shape alone let others prize,
And features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A soul where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

With power to heighten every joy,
The fiercest rage control,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow
And raptures through the soul

These are the power of beauty's charms,
  Without whose vital aid
Unfinished all her beauty seems,
  And all her roses dead.

But how divinely shines the form..
  Where all these charms appear!
Then go, behold my Anna's face,
  And read them perfect there."

AKENSIDE.

THE LOVERS.

"It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood;
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly—Nature seemed,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth,
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east unclouded, rode the Moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer—
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour far
Beyond the wave: and hither now repair'd,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone:
'Her lover's safety and his quick return.'
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr sighs
On morning lily's cheek though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the Mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time,
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked steadfastly; the stars,

That circle nightly round the Eternal Throne
Glanced down, well-pleased; and Everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.
O, had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not: for oft-times Providence,
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To embalm her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat, embowered,
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God, approving, blessed the holy joy!"

POLLOK.

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC RULE TO BE EXERCISED BY THE HUSBAND.

As in the human body, the head must rule and direct, so in the domestic institution, the head must be the source of control and authority. The word of God distinctly recognises this, and avers that the "head of the woman is the man"—and as such the exercise of rule devolves upon him. Other Scriptures enforce this in language most explicit and unmistakable, and insists that this authority is most extensive, that the wife is to be subject to the husband "*in everything*," of course not including matters of religion, where the conscience is only amenable to the Lord Jesus Christ, and the word of his truth. No body could answer its purpose, except by a governing head, just so, the domestic kingdom could not be carried on and out without legitimate rule and

authority, so that either the man must have this authority or the woman, the husband or the wife. As the woman was created for the man, "and is of the man," so is she to be subject to him. But it is not subjection to whim, to caprice, much less to tyranny that is exacted of her. It may be her misfortune and sorrow to have to bear these, but in such matters she is wronged and oppressed. The authority of the husband is to be that of love, of esteem, and honour. His sceptre is to be wielded by the hand of kindness and gentleness. His laws must not only be based on the fitness of things, but must reflect the equity and goodness of the revealed will of God. And obedience here will never be felt irksome or distressing. If there is true-hearted oneness, due and reasonable submission will be cheerfully rendered. Love will make working hands, cheerful feet, and an acquiescing spirit. It is only to the ignorant, or proud, or heartless that this yoke will be galling. In the union formed by affection, like the yoke of the Saviour, it will be easy and the burden light.

If there be a violation of the Divine law here, why not in other departments of the family establishment. And what will then become of the obedience of children, or subjection of servants, or in one word, what is to pre-

vent domestic confusion, rebellion, and misery. As the husband is subject to God and must obey him, so the wife must be obedient to her husband, and children under the healthy control of both, and then the family kingdom will be one of order, beauty, and happiness. The woman who objects to this, should most obviously avoid placing herself in a position, where the obligations would be unpleasant and offensive. So long as she is unmarried she may enjoy all the dominion which her condition may afford her, but if she goes to the matrimonial altar, she then pledges her word both to love, honour, and obey her husband. It may be that the wife is very much the superior of her husband, but this does not alter the laws by which the relationship is governed, and can be no reason for subverting the Divine order of things. So that it may be well worth while that this matter in all its bearings be duly pondered before the pledge to obey is given. It might not be amiss for the Bride Elect to ask, Do I love; and can I cheerfully, and with my whole womanly heart, honour and obey him to whom I am going to be united for life? And prudence would suggest you had better pause before contract is ratified, than disobediently rebel afterwards. Such is obviously the teaching alike of nature, reason, and the law of God.

Mr. Jay's admirable hints are well worthy of attention, he says,—

From many considerations, expressive of the Divine will, the scripture assigns this prerogative to the man. Witness the priority of his creation: "For Adam was first formed, then Eve." Witness the manner in which he derived his being: "The man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man." Witness his destiny: "For the man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man." "And the LORD said, it is not good for man to be alone, I will make him a help-meet for him." Witness his relation: "The man is the image and glory of GOD, but the woman is the glory of the man." Witness the entrance of sin: "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression." Witness the malediction denounced upon the woman: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." There was nothing originally like a curse in this demand. In Paradise, nothing oppressive or unreasonable would have appeared in the requisition: and nothing mortifying would have attended the performance. But the fall has shed the poison—sin has rendered it irksome. The woman is disinclined to obey, while the man is often absurd in

his designs, capricious in his temper, tyrannical in his claims, and degrading in his authority. But, my sisters, while you have reason, much reason to complain, remember, it is the consequence of sin, the sin of your own sex. Turn the curse into a blessing—derive real honour from seeming disgrace. You cannot dispense with this subjection, without opposing the express will of GOD, and violating the laws of marriage to which you have acceded by a voluntary engagement, and promised obedience in a manner the most solemn.

So Mr. James forcibly and kindly presents the same subject to the consideration of wives.

The grounds of submission are many and strong. Waiving all motives founded upon the comparative strength of mind with which the two sexes may be gifted, I refer my female friends to less questionable matters. Look at the *creation;* woman was made *after* the man, "for Adam was first formed, then Eve." She was made *out* of man, "for the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man." She was made *for* man, "neither was the man created for the woman. but the woman for the man." Look at the fall. Woman occasioned it. "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression." She

was thus punished for it: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Look at her *history*. Have not the customs of all nations, ancient and modern, savage and civilised, acknowledged her subordination? Look at *the light in which this subject is placed in the New Testament*. How strong is the language of the text, "the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church. Therefore as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands in every thing."

Let me then, my respected female friends, as you would submit to the authority of Christ, as you would adorn the station that Providence has called you to occupy, as you would promote your own peace, the comfort of your husband, and the welfare of your family, admonish you, meekly and gracefully to be subject in all things, not only to the wise and good, but to the foolish and ill-deserving. You may reason, as I have said before, you may expostulate, but you must not rebel or refuse. Let it be your glory to feel how much you can endure, rather than despise the institutions of Heaven, or violate those engagements into which you voluntarily and so solemnly entered. Let your submission be characterised by cheerfulness, and

not by reluctant sullenness: let it not be preceded by a struggle, but yielded at once and for ever: let there be no holding out to the last extremity, and then a mere compulsory capitulation; but a voluntary, cheerful, undisputed, and unrevoked concession.

"Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not;
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love a simple duty." EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WOMAN'S DUTY.

'Tis never woman's part
"Out of her fond misgivings to perplex
The fortunes of the man to whom she cleaves;
'Tis her's to weave all that she has of fair
And bright in the dark meshes of their web
Inseparate from their windings. My poor heart
Hath found its refuge in a hero's love;
Whatever destiny his generous soul
Shape for him,—'tis its duty to be still,
And trust him till it bound or break with him."
TALFOURD.

THE EXEMPLARY WIFE.

"O, blest is he whose arms enfold
A consort virtuous as fair!
Her price is far above the gold
That worldly spirits love to share.
On her, as on a beauteous isle,
Amid life's dark and stormy sea
In all his trouble, all his toil,
He rests with deep security.

Even in the night-watch dark and lone,
The distaff fills her busy hand;
Her husband in the gates is known
Among the elders of the land;
Her household all delight to share
The food and raiment she bestows,
Even she with a parent's care
Regards their weakness and their woes.

Her pitying hand supplies the poor,
The widowed one, the orphan child,
Like birds assembled round her door,
When sweeps the winter tempest wild.
Her lips with love and wisdom fraught,
Drops like the honey-comb, their sweets;
The young are by her dictates taught,
The mourner her condolence meets.

Her lovely babes around her rise,
Fair scions of a holy stem!
And deeply shall her bosom prize
The blessings she receives from them.
Beauty is vain—the summer bloom
To which a transient fate is given;
But her's awaits a lasting doom
In the Eternal bowers of Heaven."

KNOX

DOMESTIC PEACE.

"Tell me on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon, daughter of the skies!
Far on fearful wings she flies
From the tyrant's sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottaged vale she dwells,
Listening to the sabbath bells,
While all around her steps are seen
Spotless honour's meeker mien.
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears;
And, mindful of the past employ,
Memory, bosom spring of joy."

COLERIDGE.

THE BLISS OF HOME.

"Mine be the joy which gleams around
The hearth where pure affectionsd well;
Where love enrobed in smiles is found,
And wraps the spirit with its spell.

I would not seek excitement's whirl,
Where pleasure wears her tinsel crown,
And passion's billows upward curl,
'Neath hatred's darkly gathering frown.

The dearest boon from Heaven above,
Is bliss which brightly hallows home.
The sunlight of our world of love,
Unknown to those who reckless roam.

There is a sympathy of heart
Which consecrates the social shrine,
Robs grief of gloom, and doth impart
A joy to gladness all divine.

It glances from the kindling eye,
Which o'er affliction sleepless tends—
It gives deep pathos to the sigh
Which anguish from the bosom rends—

It plays around the smiling lip,
When Love bestows the greeting kiss;
And sparkles in each cup we sip
Round the domestic board in bliss!

Let others seek in wealth or fame,
A splendid path whereon to tread,
I'd rather wear a lowlier name,
With Love's enchantments round it shed.

Fame's but a light to gild the grave,
And wealth can never calm the breast.
But Love, a halcyon on life's wave,
Hath power to soothe its strifes to rest."

By THOMAS W. SHREVE.

CHAPTER V.

"Look how the golden ocean shines above
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth;
So does the bright and blessed light of love
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth."

HOOD.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

LONGFELLOW.

ON MARRIAGE LOVE AND JOYS OF MARRIED LIFE.

SCEPTICISM has been bold enough to deny almost every existing spiritual and moral principle. Not only has God been disowned, the Scriptures ignored, religion ridiculed, but the existence of true and genuine conjugal love disputed.

No doubt there are many exceptions in married life to this holy emotion, just as evil of every sort unfortunately everywhere abounds. But we have often seen the most unmistakable evidences of married love. We have seen it in devoted and noble-hearted husbands, we have seen it in most affectionate self-sacrificing wives. This marriage-tree, like every other, can be known beyond disputation by its fruit. If love has sanctified the union, if the overtures have been made under love's earnest influences, then the results will be most evident. See it in the husband's constant admiration of his wife, in his unvarying attention to all that is important to her happiness. See it in the honour he confers, in the toil he cheerfully endures, in the husbandly life devoted to her well-being and joy. The eyes mirror it, the mouth expresses it, but more than all, the constant evolutions of his life declare it. And what sunshine this love produces. What blessedness it confers, and then in return receives.

But is it not equally true, and we think more often and still more evident, that there are a noble, countless number of wives, who both love and reverence their husbands? Yes, and we have known many of these wives who have felt that, next to the claims of God,

were those of the husband. Wives who felt it their greatest bliss to be sources of comfort and happiness to their husbands—who were anxious to anticipate every want—who were ready, early and late, in summer and winter, in health and sickness, in youth and age, to sacrifice all, if needful, to make their husbands happy. How large would be the volume that should relate the noble deeds of most affectionate and self-denying wives. Think of the pure and ardent love of Lady Rachel Russell, of Mrs. Col. Hutchinson, of Mrs. Fletcher, and a crowd of such like, whose very being seems to have been knit to the one idea, loving with a woman's whole heartedness their husbands. No doubt there are daily evidences of this mutual love in humble life. The peasant's cottage is often the abode of these right-hearted emotions. So too, the dwellings of the operative and artizan; and we have known instances of it amid the gaities of noble life. Who can dispute its existence and undeviating manifestation, for more than half a century, in George III. and Charlotte, his devoted queen wife? Nor has the tongue of envious detraction ever dared to insinuate its non-existence in the royal palace of our reigning Queen and her late worthy Consort. Yes, in spite of all sorts of ill-contrived

matches and falsified unions—in spite of marriages of convenience and selfishness, and pride and vanity—in spite of marriages formal, eccentric, and absurd—yea, in spite of marriages that have been conceived in passion, and which have brought forth indifference, dislike, and sometimes hate and loathing, there remains a goodly residue of truthful, honest, and loving alliances, where intelligence and true love have made of twain one, and that one having constantly burning on the conjugal altar the fire of genuine and hearty love. Where married love exists and grows, it must of necessity be followed by conjugal delights and pleasures by what is clearly involved in the words—JOYS OF MARRIED LIFE.

God destined all his creatures to have enjoyment. Of course the kind and degree will be in proportion to the capacity to enjoy. Social happiness is that which our social nature demands, and its sweetest and most endearing enjoyments are supplied in the married state. Thus to know and realise that we do truly and intensely love, must give unspeakable pleasure, and especially when we believe that the object of our affection is worthy of all that we can bestow, and reciprocates it heartily again. It may be difficult to decide whether

there is more joy in loving or being loved, but there can be no question about the blessedness we have in both. So had God ordained it—so are we constituted for it—so is marriage designed to develop and exhibit it. And where the marriage is of the heart as well as of the hand, where there is oneness of soul and spirit, the result will be a joy to be found in no other scene this life can present.

Mutual affection, mutual solicitude, mutual sympathy must all lead to high and mutual joy. Hence the wife is the desire of the husband's eyes. The husband the crown or diadem of the wife's honour and rejoicing. The two shining countenances, lit up with mutual love, irradiate the dwelling, and make it a sanctuary of delights. How bright the dwelling sanctified by hearty conjugal love. There may be chilling mists without, and tempests and perilous storms; but in the home, there will be a shelter from all. Here will be calmness, serenity, and gladness—mutual burden bearing, mutual and tender reciprocated sympathy, which can know no superior ecstacy except in the enjoyment of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

"Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made you
To temper man: we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair to look like you—
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

OTWAY.

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight—
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament—
Her eyes like stars of twilight fair—
Like twilight too her dusky hair;
But all about her else was drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
A dancing shape and image gay,
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

"I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman too—
With household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet,
Sweet records, promises as sweet;

A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food:
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

'And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller 'twixt life and death;
The reason firm—the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman—nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, to command;
And yet a spirit too, and bright
With something of an angel's light.'"

WORDSWORTH.

DIGNITY OF WOMAN.

Honour to woman! she twines and inweaves
Heavenly roses with life's earthy leaves,
Weaves for her favour'd ones Love's happy band:
Veiled in fair grace, and in modesty's tire,
Watchful she feeds with perpetual fire,
High sensibilities, holy of hand.

O'er the barriers of the true
Man's wild powers for ever sweep:
Thoughts unstable, projects new,
Drive o'er Passion's stormy deep—
Wild he grasps at distant gleams,
Peace with restless purpose mars,
And the phantom of his dreams
Chases thro' the distant stars.

Woman's bright glances, that gleam on his track,
Beckon bewitching the fugitive back,
Back to the present with dutiful feet—
She in her mother's retired abode
Tarried, and bashful with modesty glowed,
Nature's own daughter, untouched with deceit.

With the man, emprise is strife—
He with crushing foot unblest,
Tramples with the ways of life
Without halting-place or rest—
He destroys his project sped:
War of wants is ne'er subdued,
Never, as the Hydra's head,
Falling still, is still renewed.

Woman, contented with quieter cares,
Gathers the blossom the moment prepares
Nurses it sweetly and values it dear;
Freer, in charity's velvet—soft chain,
Richer than he in his wisdom's domain,
And in the poet's unlimited sphere.

Stern and proud man stands apart:
Cold, his breast can never prove,
Heartily embracing heart,
The celestial joys of love—
Nor the soul's exchange he feels,
Nor dissolves in tears that yearn;
E'en his life's contention steels
Sterner still his temper stern.

Lightly, the while, as to Zephyr's light wings
Tremble and stir the Eolian strings,
Trembles, all sensitive, woman's heart too,
Tenderly troubled at misery's sighs
Heaves her soft bosom in pity; her eyes
Pearl-budding, glisten with heavenly dew.

Might in man's domain is lord:
Right obeys the strong and brave;
Proves the Scythian with the sword,
And the Persian sinks a slave—

Internecine warfare wage,
Passions wild with fury fed,
Hoarse contention rules with rage
Where the charities have fled.

Woman, with gentle persuasion and prayer,
Knows the mild sceptre of manners to bear,
Quenches dissensions that fiery start,
Teaches the powers that hate one another
Peaceful embraces, as brother and brother,
And unites what flies ever apart.

SCHILLER.

PRAISE OF WOMAN.

"Through many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps I've held my way,
A lonely unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While stealing thus my course precarious,
My fortune still has been to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But gentle woman, ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy ever prone;
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Formed in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parched with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave;
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,
What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sultry India to the Pole!"

MRS. BARBAULD.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o'mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.'

BURNS.

WEDDED LOVE.

"Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.

As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
And, with their gloomy shades, conceal
The land-marks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee, now—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!

But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Throw from my thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great:
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life;
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy wife.

For deemest thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a *common mind?*
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,
The shrine that sunk her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers:
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud that lowers.

And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won;
That quenchless ray thou 'lt ever prove,
In fond, undying, Wedded Love."

By Mrs. Anne P. Dinnies.

THE WIFE.

"Happy he to whom kind Heaven,
Rich in grace, a wife hath given,
Virtuous, wise, and formed for love,
Gentle, guileless as a dove.

Let him thank his God for this
Pure o'erflowing cup of bliss;
Pain may never linger near,
With such friend to soothe and cheer.

She, like moonlight, mild and fair,
Smiles away each gloomy care,
Kisses dry man's secret tears,
And with flowers his pathway cheers.

When his boiling heart heaves high,
And fire of wrath is in his eye—
When kind Friendship seeks in vain
Passion's wild career to rein,—

Then *her* gentle step is near;
Softly drops her soothing tear,
As when evening dew comes down
On the meadows, scorched and brown—

Some have sought their bliss in gold;
Some for fame their peace have sold;
Gold and glory in the hand
Crumble like a ball of sand—

Heaven sends man the faithful wife;
Life without her is not life;
And when life is o'er, her love
Gilds a brighter scene above."

From the German.

"As this vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunder-bolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart"

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WOMAN AND POETRY.

"What to us were this world and its burden of woe,
But a fetter of clay, that in slavery bound us,
Were our troubles not soothed by the smiles of the fair,
And if poetry spread not its magic around us?
In the hour of gladness, if Woman be near,
More smoothly the stream of enjoyment will flow;
And where can our grief find a balm like the tear
From the bright eyes of her who partakes of our woe?
To the Poet a power of enchantment is given
Which time cannot limit, space cannot define;
Which can lift on its wings the rapt spirit to Heaven,
And make dull mortality almost divine!
Oh! Woman and Poetry, each is a treasure,
A mine of delight that enriches life's span;
The first is a minist'ring angel of pleasure,
While the gift of the next makes an angel of man!"

TO MY WIFE

ON OUR WEDDING DAY.

"Yes, five long summers, love, are past,
Since first our mutual vows were plighted;
But Heaven unites our hands at last,
Whose hearts have been so long united.

That vision of a prosperous day,
Which led our hopes from year to year,
Is yet, perhaps, as far away,
As when we first believed it near;
But wasting time has not betrayed
This loyal bosom from its truth,
Nor stolen, from my blushing maid,
The lustre of her lovely youth:
Her lips can smile as sweetly yet,
As when they won this heart of mine,—
Her clustering locks of glossy jet
As richly wreathe, as darkly shine,—
And, all undimmed, those eyes so bright
Still glance their clear meridian beam,
Through lashes long, that shade their light
Like willows by the sunny stream.
Though vain thus long your lover's toils,—
Though vainly yet he strive again,—
Still, still he has his Laura's smiles,
At least he has not loved in vain!—
And if from life's horizon now
Some gayer tints are past away,
That gilded, with too bright a glow,
The early morning of our day,

Yet, as those orient colours fly,
A clearer noon expands above:
The ray serene of constancy,
And heav'nly light of perfect love."

HORACE TWISS.

SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

"Come, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow;
You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now—
Shall the storm settle here where from Heaven it departs,
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no! sure the wintriest weather
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Though the rains dropping through, from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door,
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in our love's early day?
No, Patrick, no! sure the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when labour was done,
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No Patrick! we talked, while we brav'd the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky!
Oh let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then!
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And sunshine or storm, we will bear it together."

By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

"The fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean;
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle;
Why not I with thine?
See the mountains kiss high Heaven,
And the waves clasp one another!
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained to kiss its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?"

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

"Love:—What a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love!
For is it that native poetry springing up indigenous to mind,
The heart's own country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart!—

Love is a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul,
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dullness of matter,
An Angel-mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen yet how beautiful!
All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur.
Behold the pale geranium, pent within the cottage window;
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long stalked leaves,
How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet influences,
How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship!
Such is the soul that loveth; and so the rose-tree of affection
Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes,
Its every blushing petal basketh in the light.
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their love.

MARTIN TUPPER.

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

"Her dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,
And timid as trembling dove;
And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
As she garnish'd our feast of love:
'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land,
And she was a poor man's wife!
O, little ye'd think how that wee, white hand,
Could dare in the battle of life.

Her heart it was lowly as maiden's might be,
But hath climb'd to heroic height,
And burn'd like a shield in defence of me,
On the sorest field of fight!
And, startling as fire, it hath often flash'd up
In her eyes, the good heart and rare!
As she drank down her half of our bitterest cup,
And taught me how to bear.

Her sweet eyes that seem'd with their smile sublime,
Made to look me and light me to Heaven,
They have triumph'd thro' bitter tears many a time,
Since their love to my life was given:

And the maiden, meek voice of the womanly wife
Still bringeth the Heavens nigher;
For it rings like the voice of God o'er my life,
Aye bidding me climb up higher.

I hardly dare think it was human, when
I first look'd in her yearning face;
For it shone as the Heavens had open'd then
And clad it with glory and grace;
But dearer its light of healing grew
In our dark and desolate day,
As the rainbow, when Heaven hath no break of blue,
Smileth the storm away.

O, her shape was the lithest loveliness—
Just an armful of Heaven to enfold!
But the form that bends flower-like in love's caress
With the victor's strength is soul'd!
In her worshipful presence transfigured I stand,
And the poor man's English home
She lights with the beauty of Greece the grand,
And the glory of regallest Rome."

GERALD MASSEY.

FAMILIAR LOVE.

We read together, reading the same book,
Our heads bent forward in a half embrace,
So that each shade that either spirit took
Was straight reflected in the other's face:
We read, not silent, nor aloud, but each
Followed the eye that passed the page along
With a low murmuring sound, that was not speech,
    Yet with so much monotony,
    In its half slumbering harmony,
    You might not call it song;
    More like a bee that in the noon rejoices,
Than any customed mood of human voices.
Then if some wayward or disputed sense
Made cease awhile that music, and brought on
A strife of gracious, worded difference,
Too light to hurt our soul's dear unison,
We had experience of a blissful state,
In which our powers of thought stood separate,
Each, in its own high freedom, set apart,
But both close folded in one loving heart;
So that we seemed, without conceit to be
Both one and two in our identity.

We prayed together, praying the same prayer,
But each that prayed did seem to be alone,
And saw the other in a golden air
Poised far away, beneath a vacant throne,
Beck'ning the kneeler to arise and sit
Within the glory which encompast it;
And when obeyed, the vision stood beside,
And led the way through the upper hyaline,
Smiling in beauty ten-fold glorified,
Which, while on earth, had seemed enough divine,
The beauty of the spirit-bride,
Who guided the rapt Florentine—
The depth of human reason must become
As deep as is the holy human heart,
Ere aught in written phrases can impart
The might and meaning of that ecstasy
To those low souls, who hold the mystery
Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb.

But we were mortal still, and when again
We raised our bended knees, I do not say
That our descending spirits felt no pain
To meet the dimness of an earthly day;
Yet not as those disheartened, and the more
Debased, the higher that they rose before,

But, from the exaltation of that hour,
Out of God's choicest treasury, bringing down
New virtue to sustain all ill—new power
To braid life's thorns into a regal crown,
We pass'd into the outer world, to prove
The strength miraculous of united love.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

CHAPTER VI.

"———Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove,
Oh no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worths unknown, although his height be taken,
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours, and weeks,
But bears it out, e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd."

SHAKSPEARE.

ON THE PERMANENCE OF MARRIED LOVE.

THERE is a material difference between excited passion and real love. The one is necessarily transient, the other will be abiding. Persons confound these essentially different emotions who conclude that married love cannot abide, or be constant and unceasing. It may be true that years will prune the luxurious tree, that age and experience will regulate, and probably moderate certain external manifestations, but this will not affect Love itself. Years will only strengthen and mature it. Time will only give it deeper and fuller realization. If the object be worthy, or even if we think so, love will increase by continuous intercourse and communion. Besides daily acts of kindness, must strengthen and confirm it—when husbands and wives have to pass through scenes of mutual anxiety and sorrow—where they have been inseparable pilgrims though desert and trackless journeyings of affliction, how can it be otherwise than mutual affection; and how cheering it is to see the love of youth, having ripened with age, and being matured midst the frosts and winter of old age. There are certain productions of nature that must feel the biting influence of

frosts before they are fit to be gathered. And we know that storms and tempests of succeeding years only tend to fix the roots of trees more deeply in the soil, and to cause the fibrous off-shoots to take more firmly hold, and to stand more irresistibly in spite of threatening and howling blasts. So with true love, age will fix it more firmly, root it in the soil of the heart more deeply, and will cause the solicitudes of the soul more emotionally to entwine around the being loved. We ask the reader to look around, and if they will only take a close and careful survey they will find conjugal love that out-lived youth and beauty—that has not been poisoned by wealth or rank, or chilled by adversity and misfortune—that has lived in spite of temptations and trials—that has not succumbed to allurements—that has not become hard or wiry with age—that has not lost the original first emotional power—that shines as brightly, and exists as unmistakeably as it ever did—that is now venerable, as well as real, and so established, that it shall survive not only sickness and death, but which has the germ within it of immortality.

Well is it when religion, true undefiled religion, has still more elevated and fixed this mutual love. For who can doubt that in the world of the Blessed, there will

not only be an extended knowledge, but mutual and joyous recognition; and that husbands and wives, and parents and child, who live in the true faith, and die in the hope of the Gospel, will, after the temporary severances of death, enjoy a blissful re-union, and when cleansed from all earthly emotions—the spirits, thus united, will be sources of mutual felicity, and enjoy the same benedictions for evermore.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

"They sin who tell us love can die!
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity,
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth:
But love is indestructible,
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth:
For oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd,

It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there."

SOUTHEY.

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

MOORE.

THE CAIRNGORM;

A HIGHLAND HUSBAND'S GIFT.

Wear thy mountain's diamond, fairest!
In thy waving hair;
It will noblest seem, and rarest
If it sparkles there;
For only this dark gem can vie
With those brown tresses' burnished dye,
And well the elves that guard it know,
If it might touch thy spotless brow,
For ever in thy memory
Thy wedded love would living be.

Or hanging on thy ear, dearest!
A moment let it shine;
Then in every voice thou hearest
Shall seem a sound of mine.
Yet no;—for never by the tone
Of silver words was true love known;
I would not tax thy soul to give
The fondness that on words can live.

But place it on thy hand, sweetest,
Clasped with the holy gold,
And when a stranger's hand thou meetest,
Thine shall be winter-cold;
And thou shalt lute and tabret take
In bower or chamber for my sake;
And it shall teach thy pen to shew
How thought should speak where speech is true.

Then hide it in thy breast, dearest!
If it be pure as fair,
When to thy heart this gem is nearest,
My image shall be there;
For it has spells more deep and strong
When hid its native snows among;
And it shall have most power to bless
Where all is power and holiness.

MUTUAL MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

"When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane wha ance were twain—

A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the meltin' kiss:
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.
Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee!
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze;
Well pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.
I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear.
Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain!
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin."

JOHN LAPRAIK.

THE HUSBAND'S PRAYER.

"Oh! Thou whose merciful decree
Hath knit our hearts in bonds of love,
Our sure defence and safe guard be
Whate'er our wedded lot may prove.

Without thy blessing love is vain
The varied ills of life to bear;
But when bestowed few griefs remain
Beyond affection's healing care.

Avert from us the spirit's chill,
Each wandering thought and fickle mood;
Mould every feeling to thy will,
Incline our hearts to every good.

Implanting deep that perfect trust,
Of love's rich soil the flower most dear;
Turn all our promised joys to dust,
But leave *that root* unwithered here.

Blend with our love that gentleness
Which turns each angry word aside,
Which stifles wrath with tenderness,
And melts away the frost of pride.

Nor let unkindness ever reach,
  Nor harsh unfeeling thoughts impair
The tenderness of years: but teach
  Our hearts to bear and to forbear.

Be ours a unity of mind,
  A unity of sweetest love,
A unity of faith entwined
  With the dear hope of joys above.

We know that in our hearts there lies,
  With all their love, the germ of change;
The world can break the holiest ties,
  A breath the tenderest thoughts estrange.

We pray, oh! God, that grief like this
  Our earthly course may never see;
We'd make our love a lasting bliss,
  By resting all its hopes on Thee."

KENNY MEADOWS.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

"When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek,
Oh! then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love.

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand;
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him, when the noon
Is bright o'er dale or hill,
And all things, save the time
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the Garden bowers,
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feast on breath and bloom,

She brings the posy rare
  Into his darkened room;
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
  His lamp of love doth dim,
She never wearieth,
  She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
  And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
  Lie sorrows unexprest;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
  Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
  May sometimes smile again;
Still, still, she must regret,—
She never can forget!"

MARY ANN BROWNE.

FEMALE FAITH.

"She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept
The gayest of the gay;
That pride the blight of time hath swept,
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved you most.

Oh! such the generous faith that glows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like that star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark vest;

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more."

L. E. L.

THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

Rainy and rough sets the day,—
There's a heart beating for somebody;
I must be up and away—
Somebody's anxious for somebody.
Thrice hath she been to the gate,
Thrice hath she listen'd for somebody;
'Midst the night, stormy and late,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.
There'll be a comforting fire,
There'll be a welcome for somebody;
One, in her neatest attire,
Will look to the table for somebody.
Though the stars fled from the west,
There is a star yet for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best,
Warming the bosom of somebody.

There'll be a coat o'er the chair,
  There will be slippers for somebody;
There'll be a wife's tender care,—
  Love's fond embracement for somebody:
There'll be the little one's charms,
  Soon 'twill be waken'd for somebody;
When I have both in my arms,
  Oh! but how blest will be somebody!

CHARLES SWAIN.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall!
Though few now taste the unimpaired and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of virtue—in thine arms
She dwells, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heav'n born, and destined to the skies again—
Thou art not known, where pleasure is ador'd,

That reeling goddess with a zoneless waist,
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle, frail support:
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding, in the calm of truth-tried love,
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown.

COWPER.

WEDDED LOVE.

There is a love! 'tis not the wandering fire
That must be fed on folly, or expire;
Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor ray
That fades as rises Reason's nobler day;
But passion made *essential*, holy, bright,
Like the rais'd dead, our dust transform'd to light—
Earth has its pangs for all; its happiest breast
Not his who meets them least, but bears them best—
Life must be toil! yet oh, that toil how drear!
But for this soother of its brief career—
The charm that virtue, beauty, fondness bind,
Till the mind mingles with its kindred mind!
'Tis not the cold romancer's ecstasy,
The flame new lit at every passing eye,

But the high impulse that the stately soul
Feels slow engross it, but engross it whole;
Yet seeks it not, nay, turns with stern disdain
On its own weakness that *can* wear a chain;
Still wrestling with the angel, till its pride
Feels all the strength departed from its side—
Then join'd, and join'd for ever loving, lov'd,
Life's darkest hours are met, and met unmov'd;
Hand link'd in hand, the wedded pair pass on;
Thro' the world's changes, still unchanging, one;
On earth, one heart, one hope, one joy, one gloom,
One closing hour, one undivided tomb!

CROLY.

"Hail, holy Love! thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!
Essence that binds the uncreated Three,
Chain that unites creation to its Lord,
Centre to which all being gravitates,
Eternal, ever-growing, happy Love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law;
Entirely blest, because thou seek'st no more,

Hop'st not, nor fear'st; but on the present liv'st
And hold'st perfection smiling in thy arms—
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless Love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In Heaven! sweet chord, that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise! the spring, the well
That fills the bowl and banquet of the sky!
But why should I to thee of Love divine?
Who happy, and not eloquent of Love?
Who holy, and, as thou art, pure, and not
A temple where her glory ever dwells,
Where burn her fires, and beams her perfect eye?
Kindred to this, part of this holy flame,
Was youthful love—the sweetest boon of earth—
Hail, Love! first Love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy,
She gathered, and selected with her hand
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
The heart with all superlatives of bliss,
But, who would that expound, which words transcends,
Must talk in vain——" POLLOK.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! woman's love's a holy light!
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die;
It lives through treachery and slight
To quench the constant flame may try.
Like ivy, where it grows 'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green;
Like ivy, too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing—

O woman's love! at times it may
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns
With true undeviating ray,
Nor ever from its idol turns—
Its sunshine is a smile,—a frown
The heavy cloud that weighs it down;
A tear its weapon is—beware
Of woman's tears,—there's danger there!
Its sweetest place on which to rest,
A constant and confiding breast—
Its joy, to meet—its death, to part—
Its sepulchre, a broken heart.

ANON.

THE WIDOW AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

"Deal gently thou, whose hand hath won
The young bird from its nest away,
Where careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She gaily carol'd, day by day;
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar;
They pensive list at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her,—thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And, like a lamb from fountains clear,
She turns confiding to thy fold;
She round thy sweet domestic bower
The wreath of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at Vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when, far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender care decay,—
The soul of woman lives in love:

And should'st thou wondering mark a tear,
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,
Be pitiful, and sooth the fear
That man's strong heart may ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare,
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care,
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasur'd hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the Widow's Child."

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

"With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heartfelt revelry;
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blythe as voice of May
Chaunting glad Nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,

Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love.
Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace:
Though happy still,—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loveliness;
Fancy has tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams!
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy husht infant's bed!
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!
By thy glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time!
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;

The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well-spent.
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,
With Peace behind, and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul,—then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister Seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in Immortality."

JOHN WILSON.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

"They tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,
That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridgroom by thy side,
And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,
As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—their own.
I never saw a bridal, but my eyelid hath been wet,
And it always seem'd to me as though a joyous crowd were met,

To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing,
Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for a ring.
And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy love,
And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above,
Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy brow,
Perchance, a mother's look of care, for that which decks it now.
And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy mild
And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,
Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes o'er my brain,
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and girlish thing again.
I would, that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay,
And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the May;
But it may not be!—within my breast all frozen are the springs,
The murmur dies upon the lip—the music on the strings.
But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,
That sunshine shall illume thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,

That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose ev'ning shall
go down,
Like the ev'ning in the Eastern clime, that never knows a
frown.
When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath press'd
thy hand,
When those thou lov'st, and those that love thee, weeping
round thee stand,
Oh! may the rhyme that friendship weaves, like a spirit of
the air,
Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a prayer!"

EDWARD FITZ-GERALD.

CHAPTER VII.

WOMAN AND THE MARRIAGE INSTITUTION IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

MARRIAGE is the union of one man and one woman, by which they become mutually pledged to sustain the relationship of husband and wife, until death shall dissolve the compact.

It is ever assumed that this union is the result of mutual love and free choice. However parents and guardians may advise and direct, it will be universally admitted that the choice and decision should be with the parties entering into the compact. No doubt much of the social misery of the world is the result of forced marriages. What can be expected when persons of ungenial dispositions are bound together by the con-

straint of others, and without love between themselves? No wonder that jealousies, indifference, dislike, and infidelities should be the result. But the process of espousals and publicly ratifying the marriage compact are very diversified. Of course the Hebrews will present to us the earliest authentic information on the subject. No doubt many of the customs of the Egyptians and other ancient nations would lose half of their apparent grotesque or absurd forms, if we were better acquainted with the reasons on which they are grounded. We, however, shall glean some of the unquestionable facts in relation to the ancient Romans, Grecians, and others, and then briefly refer to the more singular customs that have obtained among the less civilised nations of the world. Among some barbarous tribes, a chase after the bride, and forcibly conducting her to the abode of her physical conqueror, is the only marriage rite. With others, when there is more than one suitor, personal contests of skill or physical force decides who is to be the possessor of the lady.

The precise position of the marriage ceremonial as to its civil or religious aspect we leave to the understandings and consciences of the persons interested to decide.

THE JEWS.

The ancient Jews celebrated their marriages in a manner much like that which still prevails in the East. The wedding festival lasted several days, as may be seen in the case of Samson, and of Jacob, at an earlier period. On the last day the bride was conducted to the house of the bridegroom's father. The procession generally set off in the evening with much ceremony and pomp. The companions of each attended them with songs and music of instruments. The way as they went along was lighted by numerous torches. In the meantime, another company, consisting of the young friends of the bridegroom, was waiting at the bridegroom's house, ready at the first notice of their approach to go forth and meet them. They joined themselves to the procession, and the whole company moved forward to the house, where an entertainment was provided for them, and the remainder of the evening was spent in cheerful participation of the marriage supper, with such social merriment as suited the joyous occasion.

In modern times, the Jews have a regular formal marriage rite by which the union is solemnly ratified. The parties stand up under a canopy, each covered by a veil; some grave person takes a cup of wine, pronounces a short blessing, and hands it to be tasted by both; the bridegroom puts a ring on the finger of the bride, saying, *By this ring thou art my spouse according to the custom of Moses and the children of Israel!* The marriage contract is then read and given to the bride's relations; another cup of wine is brought and blessed six times, when the married couple taste it, and pour the rest out in token of cheerfulness; and to conclude all, the husband dashes the cup itself against the wall, and breaks it all to pieces, in memory of the sad destruction of their once glorious temple.

THE GREEKS.

One of the most eminent and popular writers on physiology, and all things relating to the science of human life and relationships, Mr. L. N. Fowler, of New York, gives a very graphic account of the Greeks, Chinese, and others, and we shall give several extracts from his invaluable work—"Marriage, its History, and Philosophy." We should rejoice to learn that it had

been as heartily read in Europe, as it is extensively appreciated in America.

In the ancient Greece, twelve hundred years before Christ, Matrimony was viewed of so much importance, and was regarded so choice a blessing, that the strongest anathema that could be denounced against a man, was to say, that 'he deserved not to enjoy the rights of a citizen, the protection of a subject, or the happiness of domestic life.' Woman attained as high a rank, and probably higher, in that country, than any other, where the doctrines of the Bible had not been disseminated. It was customary among the Greeks of the heroic ages, by whom the charms of beauty and female loveliness were respected, to celebrate the conjugal union with all the pomp and circumstance of religious festivity. The hymeneal song was sung to cheer and gladden the hearts of the happy pair—the joyous band carried the nuptial torches in pride and ostentation through the city—the lustral waters were drawn from the consecrated fountain—and many revered ceremonies conspired to render the connection of husband and wife comparatively respectable and sacred. But woman was far from being considered the EQUAL companion of her husband. She was not regarded as the MOTHER, the

SISTER, the WIFE, the affectionate FRIEND. Although the Trojan war was based upon the rage and hatred of a slighted lover; though all European and Asiatic Greece became the theatre of war and carnage to gratify the revengeful emotions of blasted and disappointed affection; and though the ten years' siege, which terminated in the entire destruction of ancient Troy, was begun, carried on and completed, through the influence of the accomplished and beautiful, but treacherous and inconstant Helen; yet woman was degraded far below her rightful sphere and appropriate condition. It is true, indeed, that a young and beautiful Grecian queen could captivate the soul and affections of a youthful prince, adorned with all those brilliant accomplishments that too often make shipwreck of the female mind. But this sanguinary and eventful war, so celebrated in story and song, was not the result of that high estimation of the female sex which prevails in society where it is refined and exalted by the milder manner and loftier morality of the Christian religion. It did not arise from that sympathetic tenderness of the affections, peculiar to the bolder and nobler sex in a CHRISTIAN land—but was the fruit of a pertinacious adherence to the empty forms of GALLANTRY, and therefore fur-

nished very appropriate materials for the poet's fanciful imagination.

At the time of which we now write, polygamy, strictly speaking, was not encouraged or allowed; but, concubines were kept, generally captives taken in war, who held a much lower rank than the wife. By some historians it has been asserted that wives, as such, were purchased—which opinion has probably been formed from the mutual exchange of presents between the husband and intended father-in-law. The historian, Gilles, says, "the Greeks had particular terms to express the present which the husband bestowed, as well as that which he received. The former, which has no corresponding term in the modern languages, is translated by the more general word "*price*," which has given rise to the false notion of the purchase and servitude of women.

In all nations where the wife is purchased, she is regarded as every thing else purchaseable is, as worth just so much *money*, and no more; and, of course, if the sum is offered, the bargain "is struck." In such a state of society, she cannot assume a position more elevated than the ordinary slave. The *gallantry* of the ancient Greeks, with their almost superstitious respect

for the marriage relation, forbids at once the idea that their wives were either bought or treated like slaves. An idea of their conjugal love is rather overwrought, but most beautifully and graphically expressed by Homer, in his immortal Iliad. In the siege of Troy, in the midst of those battles so gigantic and so sanguinary, the immortal gods themselves are represented as having taken part in them. Hector, son of king Priam, left the field to seek his brother Paris, on account of whose wife the war had been prosecuted. He found him with the beautiful Helen, unwilling to leave her to engage in the strife. Paris consents to fly to arms since Helen desires it; at the same time, Helen desires Hector to prosecute the fight no longer on her account.

But at a later period in the history of Greece, we find that the value of the female sex was estimated like that of the most ignoble objects—merely by profit or utility. They were perpetually confined to the most retired and secluded apartments, and doomed to the performance of the meanest offices of domestic economy. They were unceremoniously excluded from all the fond delights of social and domestic intercourse, which nature has so peculiarly fitted them to adorn. Their education was either entirely neglected, or con-

fined to such low and contemptible objects as tended only to debase and degrade the mind. No efforts were made to render them agreeable members of society. Though neither qualified for holding an honourable rank in society, nor permitted to enjoy the company of their nearest friends and relations, they were thought capable of superintending or performing the drudgery of domestic labour, acting as stewards for their husbands, and thus relieving them from a multiplicity of little cares, which seemed unworthy of their attention, and unsuitable to their dignity. The whole burden of such mercenary cares was imposed upon the female sex, and her treatment and instructions were all adapted to that servile rank beyond which she could never afterwards aspire. Nothing was allowed to divert her degraded and drooping mind from those low occupations to which she was cruelly and perpetually doomed.

ROMAN MARRIAGES.

The espousals, or contract before marriage, was performed by an engagement of the friends on both sides, and might be done as well between absent persons as present, as well in private as before witnesses; yet the

common way of betrothing was by writings drawn up by common consent, and sealed by both parties. Besides this, the man sent a ring as a pledge to the woman, which in Pliny's time was used to be of iron, without any stone in it.

No Roman might marry with any other than a Roman; but then this was extended to any free denizen of the city, though born in any other parts. The Romans were very superstitious in reference to the particular time of marriage, fancying several days and seasons very unfortunate to this design; the kalends, nones, and ides of every month were strictly avoided. The most happy season, in all respects, for celebrating the nuptial solemnity was that which followed the ides of June.

The nuptial ceremonies were always begun with the taking of omens by the auspices. In dressing the bride, they never omitted to divide her locks with the head of a spear, either as a token that their marriages first began by war and acts of hostility upon the rape of the Sabine virgins; or as an omen of bearing a valiant and warlike offspring; or to remind the bride, that, being married to one of a martial race, she should use herself to no other than a plain unaffected dress; or because the greatest part of the nuptial care is referred to Juno, to

whom the spear is sacred, whence she took the name of Dea Quiris, Quiris among the ancients signifying this weapon. In the next place they crowned her with a chaplet of flowers, and put on her veil or flammeum, proper to this occasion. Instead of her ordinary cloth, she wore the *Tunica recta*, or common tunic, called *recta*, from being woven upwards, of the same nature with that which the young men put on with their manly gown; this was tied about with a girdle which the bridegroom was to unloose.

Being dressed after this manner, in the evening she was led towards the bridegroom's house by three boys habited in the *Prætexta*, whose fathers and mothers were alive. Five torches were carried to light her; for which particular number Plutarch has troubled himself to find out several reasons. A distaff and a spindle were likewise born along with her, in memory of Caia Cæcilia, or Tanaquil, wife to Tarquinius Priscus, a famous spinster: and on the same account the bride called herself Caia, during the nuptial solemnity, as a fortunate name.

Being to go into the house, she was not by any means to touch the threshold, but was lifted over by main strength: either because the threshold was sacred

to Vesta, a most chaste goddess, and so ought not to be defiled by one in these circumstances: or else, that it might seem a piece of modesty to be compelled into a place where she should cease to be a virgin.

Upon her entrance, she had the keys of the house delivered to her, and was presented by the bridegroom with two vessels—one of fire, the other of water—either as an emblem of purity and chastity, or as a communication of goods, or as an earnest of sticking by one another in the greatest extremities.

CHINESE.

In the Chinese Empire, the wife is sold at her marriage, and is not permitted to raise her voice in a matter which to her, of all others, is most important. She is sold by her parents or guardians to the highest bidder, as cattle are sold at auction or vendue. The cold-hearted purchaser, oftentimes, knows as little of her physical and moral qualities, as our western land speculators do of their locations five hundred miles in the wilderness. He buys her as he would buy a horse, on the recommendation of the seller, with the privilege of annulling the contract if she does not answer the description. After the

bargain is concluded, she is packed into a closed carriage and "forwarded on" to the residence of the purchaser or vendue, and the key of the carriage is given to him for the purpose of enabling him to open it, as he would the cage of some wild animal, or a trunk that contained a few articles of clothing. On opening the door, should he fancy that he had cause for dissatisfaction with his purchase, he can post her back in disgrace to her friends —but, singular indeed, he forfeits the purchase-money.

Mutual affection, under such an administration of affairs, can hardly be supposed to exist. What little does exist, is mere animal passion alone; indeed, the apparently respectful and comparatively ardent attachment of many animals, ought to crimson their cheeks with the blush of shame. So passive are the feelings and condition of the wife, and so little estimation does she place upon the regard and affection of her husband, that she is entirely relieved from the sensations of jealousy when other wives are introduced to the honours of the house of which she might previously have been sole mistress. She is perfectly content if she can be regarded as the first female of the family, and have all the children call her MOTHER. The marriage ceremony consists merely in the formal delivery of the

newly purchased article. Among those of rank and wealth, widows seldom marry a second time, (probably not having formed a very exalted idea of the marriage relation); but the parents and friends of the poor usually sell them again for the sake of the purchase-money.

After the husband has received his wife, or after the MARRIAGE, as it is falsely called, he conducts the bride to his parents, before whom they both prostrate themselves in token of profound submission. They then eat together, and drink from the same cup. An entertainment is then given to the attendants, the males and females being in separate rooms, often at a great expense. The next day, perhaps, the husband sends his young wife into the fields to perform the most menial tasks that can be imposed. Such is marriage among the Chinese, and such the unenviable condition of nearly one-fourth of the wives on the globe. Almost every man is married as soon as he is of proper age. The first is the legal wife, after whom he may have as many concubines as he has ability to maintain. He cannot degrade the first wife to the condition of an inferior, under the penalty of one hundred blows; nor raise the inferior to the first rank under the penalty of ninety. If the wife commit adultery, he is bound to put her

away; but if he divorce her without GOOD cause, he is punished with eighty blows. But almost anything is a "good cause;" she may be divorced for barrenness, lasciviousness, disregard of the lordly husband's parents, great talkativeness, thievishness, &c. &c.; but not for any of these causes, if she has mourned three years for her husband's parents, or if her husband has become rich since their marriage, or if HER parents are dead. If the wife leaves her husband, he is permitted to treat her as a slave. Magistrates cannot marry in the province where they govern.

As might reasonably be expected, licentiousness abounds throughout the nation. We could hardly expect a different state of things, where the wife is sold at her marriage, and is not permitted to raise her voice in a matter which, to her, is of all others the most important. How could it be otherwise, where, for a few paltry dollars, the fate of the defenceless female may be hopelessly linked with a man whom of all others, perhaps, she most heartily loathes and abhors. In China, by authority of law, she may be compelled to endure the conjugal relation with one whose very presence she detests as she would the putrid and decaying body to which St. Paul alludes in illustration of man's moral depravity.

THE BURMAN EMPIRE.

Bordering upon China, is the Burman Empire, containing a population of some 17,000,000 of souls. Here we find a strange mixture of respect and contempt for female sex.—She is not, as in most of the oriental nations, shut up as it were within the walls of a prison, and surrounded by guards; but she is allowed unrestrained intercourse with the world, not even excepting foreigners. The consequences has been such as might well teach their neighbouring nations a lesson of importance. The female is chaste—respects herself, and commands the respect of all with whom she mingles. She is very far, however, even here, from enjoying all those rights to which she is justly entitled. I believe there are no laws in Burmah against prostitution; and many a female is sold for the debts of her husband or father, and compelled to lead a life of shame. Men sell their wives and daughters to foreigners, and regard it as no disgrace. They are never allowed, however, to leave the country. Marriages are not contracted in infancy as in some other countries, by the parents and guardians of the parties; but when a man desires to make propositions for matrimony to a lady, he sends his mother

or some female friend to commence the negotiation in private; when, if she is disposed to second his advances, a party of his friends proceed to the residence of the intended wife, and superintend the adjustment of the marriage portion. On the morning of the wedding day, the bridegroom sends his bride various articles of ornament, dress, and jewelry, according to his rank and ability. The parents of the bride prepare a sumptuous feast. They eat from the same dish; present each other with pickled tea, and the ceremony is closed. The law prohibits polygamy; but a man may have as many concubines as his circumstances will afford.

HINDOOS.

The religion of the Hindoos strongly enjoins the duty of marriage, but does not approve the marriage of the younger children in advance of the elder. Among them, marriage is usually consummated at the ags of eleven years, or thereabouts; or as soon thereafter as the parties arrive at puberty. The marriages are celebrated with no inconsiderable degree of expense, parade, and circumstance; the conclusion of the whole of which is, by the bride's taking seven steps. In the

evening, the bridegroom shows his bride the polar star, as an emblem of stability and fidelity. The young married couple remain at the house of the bride's father for three days, when, with much ceremony, they repair to their future home. A barber liberates a cow, which has been tied in the northern side of the apartment, and vehemently cries, "the cow! the cow!!" Instead of receiving a dower with the wife, as is very common in many countries, the husband bestows presents upon the father, often to a liberal extent—a sort of refinement upon the practice of purchasing a wife. Polygamy is permitted, but not often practiced.

THE ABYSSINIANS.

The Abyssinian nation is one of the most barbarous on earth, and probably places the slightest estimation of any upon the matrimonial relations. The contract is broken by either party at pleasure. Indeed, so utterly destitute are they of any proper notions regarding this institution, that one traveller considers marriage as scarcely existing at all among them, so great is the ease with which the contract may be formed and dissolved. The lover consults only the parents of the bride, and

having obtained their favour to the enterprise, forcibly seizes her and carries her home on his shoulders, as a butcher would a shank of mutton. Sometimes, a little more formality is observed; the parties attending church for two or three weeks, and partaking of the sacrament together. One traveller relates that he met a lady of aristocratic rank at Gondar, in company with six men, who had successively been her husbands. Nothing is more common than polygamy in Abyssinia; though a great pre-eminence is allowed to one wife, and the rest are considered merely as concubines. This people exhibit indications of most beastly degradation, and the deepest barbarism. None of the savage tribes of the earth are characterised by habits more gross and revolting than have been witnessed among the Abyssinians. The coarsest obscenity and indecencies are common at their feasts; such, indeed, that the bare REPORT of them, came very near having brought discredit upon one of our most eminent travellers, but whose testimony upon the point has since been fully confirmed by the uniform reports of others.

A man may have four wives and as many concubines as suits his inclination. He can divorce a wife for various causes, and she enjoys the same privilege, if he does not provide for her, or if he curses her more than twice. Pure affection has but little influence in the formation of their matrimonial engagements. The preliminary negociations are conducted wholly by the parents, and very often the parties do not see each other until they are married. The husband makes a sort of marriage settlement upon the wife, and if she brings property to his use at the time of the marriage, he is not at liberty to squander it for his own benefit; a humane and liberal provision, which is sometimes found of consequence among more enlightened nations. Several days, previous to the celebration of the conjugal rites, are devoted by both parties to festivity and mirth, without seeing each other. On the wedding day, the bride is carried to the husband's house, attended with music, torches, and the firing of musketry. When she enters the door, she exercises extraordinary caution not to touch the threshold. She covers her eyes with her hands:

he is now introduced to her and speaks to her, perhaps for the first time in his life. Their friends then indulge for several days in feast and entertainments, corresponding to their rank and wealth. Many of the females according to the invariable Mahometan custom, are strictly excluded from general society, and must see none of the male sex except their husbands; they are immured like slaves in the apartments of the harem.

IN CAFFRARIA,

The female has still less influence and authority in the selection of a husband, than in Barbary. The negociation is carried on exclusively between the young man seeking a wife, and the parents of her whose hand he solicits in marriage. Her acquiescence is not sought for a moment—but she is taught to regard herself as the absolute *property* of her father, and makes no calculation but to accept the hand of the man who makes the purchase. As an equivalent for his *daughter* who has long graced the domestic circle, and who would perhaps perfer *death* to a separation from the fireside of her childhood, he has the cold and more than brutal want of affection to accept an ox or a couple of cows! One

good result, hower, follows even this savage and unfeeling custom—it prevents polygamy to any considerable extent among the common people; for they cannot readily command the means to secure its indulgence. The ceremonials of marriage are similar to those of Barbary. The women are described as of a lively and agreeable disposition, and never troubled with sadness and melancholy except when dancing!

MADAGASCAR.

In Madagascar, a man can have but one wife according to law, but just as many concubines as his circumstances and lustful appetite will afford. The females of this great island, which contains a population of some three or four millions, are not reduced to a state of positive slavery, as they are in many other savage nations, but possess great influence over their husbands. They are very licentious, however, both before and after marriage; and it is said that few marriages take place without previous commerce. They have no marriage ceremony whatever, but live together as husband and wife by mutual consent. Unmarried females regard

it as an honour to have children by strangers and foreigners. Incontinence and adultery are punished only as petty offences—another picture of barbarism and degradation which some of our state legislatures seem emulous to imitate.

CEYLON.

In Ceylon, one of the principal marriage ceremonies consists in tying together the clothing of the bridegroom and bride, to signify that they are bound together for life. This ceremony is performed in the presence of their friends, and with such festivities as the condition of the parties will admit.

JAVA.

In Java there are three kinds of marriages. The first and most common is, where the parties are of equal condition, or the bridegroom is the superior of the bride; the second is, where the wife's station is much higher than that of the husband; and the third is a sort of half marriage, the offspring of which are not on an equality with the other children. This marriage is quite uncere-

monious, but the two other kinds are celebrated with some display. The first wife is always the head of the family.

Girls in Java are married at so early an age, that a single woman of twenty-two is almost unheard of. A price is always paid by the bridegroom. The bridegroom, splendidly mounted, accompanied by his friends, with music, goes to salute his bride. She comes out and meets them with a low obeisance. They sit together on an elevated seat, and eat out of the same dish, after which they go to the mosque, and the nuptials are celebrated according to the Mahommedan ritual. Then comes a wedding procession through the village, a grand feast, and at the end of five days, another procession, in which the bride is conducted to her husband's house. In some places the spinning wheel, loom and kitchen utensils are carried in the bridal procession. In others, the bride washed the bridegroom's feet in token of subjection.

SUMATRA.

In Sumatra, the Battas have as many wives as they please, generally five or six, who all live in the same apartment with their common husband, but each has a

separate fireplace. Husbands purchase their wives of their fathers-in-law, and gamble them away or sell them whenever they choose.

Among the Redjangs, another tribe, besides the purchase of wives, a man is sometimes adopted by a girl's father as a son-in-law. and both are subject to the parent; and there is another marriage, where both man and woman pay an equal price, and are on a perfect equality. The ceremonies are very simple.

BORNEO.

In Borneo, no man is allowed to solicit a damsel in marriage, until he has cut off the head of an enemy. When this condition is fulfilled, the lover makes presents to his mistress; if they are accepted, an entertainment is given by her parents, and on the ensuing day by his parents. After the feast, the bridegroom is conducted home to the house of the bride. At the door, a friend sprinkles him with the blood of a cock, and her with the blood of a hen; the parties then give each other their bloody hands, and from that time they live together. If a man loses his wife, he cannot marry a second till he cuts off the head of another enemy.

CELEBES.

In Celebes, the husband receives no other dowry with his wife than the presents she obtains before the ceremony. As soon as the young couple are married, they are shut up in an apartment by themselves for three days; a servant brings them necessary food, while their friends are entertained with great merriment by the bride's father. At the end of this time they are liberated, receive congratulations, and are conducted to their future home.

NEW HOLLAND.

The marriage customs of the natives of New Holland are rather more curious than agreeable. Before a girl is given to her husband, her two front teeth are knocked out. The lover then throws a kangaroo skin over her shoulder, spits in her face several times, marks her with painted stripes of different colors, orders her to march to his hut with his provision bag, and if she does not go fast enough to please him, he gives her a few kicks by the way. These savages generally steal wives from some tribe with whom they are at enmity. As soon as they observe a girl without any protector near, they rush

upon her, stupify her with blows of a club, and drag her through the woods with utmost violence. Her tribe retaliate merely by committing a similar outrage. There are no other wedding ceremonies.

THE MOORS.

The Moors marry at a very early age. Wives are always purchased; and the father of a girl cannot refuse an offer, unless there is some stain upon the young man's character. The bridal tent is adorned with a small white flag, and the bridegroom's brow is encircled with a fillet of the same color. The bride is conducted to the tent by her parents, where her lover presents her with garments and jewels, according to his wealth. A grand entertainment is given and the young women dance all day to the sound of instruments, while the spectators regulate their motions by clapping hands. These dances are not very decorous.

NEGRO TRIBES.

The marriages among the negro tribes are conducted with little ceremony, except an abundance of pastimes and dancing.

Among the Jereres, when a lover has secured the consent of relations, he summons his friends to assist him in carrying off the bride, who shuts herself up in a hut with her companions, where they maintain an obstinate siege before they conclude to surrender.

In Bambuk, the bride comes to the hut of her husband with a calabash of water, with which she washes his feet and wipes them with her mantle.

In Congo, the negroes take their wives for a year on trial; if at the end of that time they are satisfied, the wedding is celebrated with a feast. The missionaries tried to abolish this custom, without success; the mothers declaring that they would not risk the happiness of their daughters by urging them to an indissoluble union with persons with whose habits and tempers they were not acquainted.

African princes have an unpleasant way of furnishing a dowry for their daughters. When the Sultan of Mandara married his daughter to an Arab Sheik, "the nuptials were celebrated by a great slave hunt among the mountains, when, after a dreadful struggle, three thousand captives, by their tears and bondage, furnished out the materials of a magnificent marriage festival."

DAHOMEY.

In Dahomey, all the unmarried females, throughout the Kingdom, are considered the property of the sovereign. Once a year they are all brought before him; he selects the most engaging for himself, and sells the others at high prices to his subjects. No choice is allowed the purchaser. He pays twenty thousand cowries, and receives such a wife as the king pleases to appoint; being obliged to appear satisfied with the selection, whatever may be her aspect or condition. This king has three thousand wives; but the King of Ashantee has exactly three thousand three hundred and thirty-three, and the safety of his kingdom is supposed to depend on his keeping up this mystical number.

THE WAKAMBAS.

The Wakambas marry as soon as the youths and maidens come to maturity. The bridegroom gives the parents of the bride a number of cows, but they do not surrender her without a struggle. He must carry her

off by force or stratagem, and often has to lie in wait for her in the fields, or to pounce upon her when she goes to draw water. The Wakamba, if he wishes, may marry several wives; but the one who is distinguished by beauty, intelligence, experience, attachment to her husband, or the number of her children, is considered the chief among them. The wives grind corn, carry wood, cultivate the soil, and attend to all household duties. In point of character, the Wakamba are treacherous, greedy, and deceitful. They are very noisy and talkative, great beggars and great liars, and on the coast they have the reputation of being thieves. On the other hand, they can often act with magnanimity; on their hunting expéditions and on journeys, they are courageous and enterprising, and able to bear great hardships; in general, they are very lively and amusing, gaping at strangers, and dancing about thém like children. Though they appear harmless, they are easily excited, and disposed to quarrel. Conscious of their wealth and independence, they are proud and vehement, and hold poorer tribes than themselves in great contempt.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

In SHARON TURNER'S admirable History of the Anglo-Saxons, the following interesting account is supplied:—

It is well known that the female sex were much more highly valued and more respectfully treated by the barbarous Gothic nations than by the more polished states of the East. Among the Anglo-Saxons they occupied the same important and independent rank in society which they now enjoy. They were allowed to possess, to inherit, and to transmit landed property; they shared in all the social festivities; they were present at the Witena Gemot and the Shire Gemot; they were permitted to sue and be sued in the courts of justice; their persons, their safety, their liberty, and their property, were protected by express laws, and they possessed all that sweet influence which, while the human heart is responsive to the touch of love, they will ever retain in those countries which have the wisdom and the urbanity to treat them as equal, intelligent, and independent beings.

The earliest institutions respecting the Anglo-Saxon marriages occur in the laws of Ethelbert. According to these a man might purchase a woman if the agreement was made without fraud; but if deceit was detected, she was to be taken back to her house, and his money was to be restored to him. It was also enjoined, that if a wife brought forth children alive, and survived her husband, she was to have half his property. She was allowed the same privilege, if she chose, to live with her children; but if she was childless, his paternal relations was to have his possessions and the morgan gift.

The customary forms attendant upon their marriage contracts are more clearly displayed to us in the laws of Edmund: the consent of the lady and her friends was to be first obtained; the bridegroom was then to give his promise and his pledge to the person who spoke for her, that he desired her that he might keep her, according to the law of God, as a man ought to keep his wife. Nor was this promise trusted to his own honour or interest: the female sex were so much under the protection of the law, that the bridegroom was compelled to produce friends who gave their security for his due observance of his covenant.

The parties being thus betrothed, the next step was to settle to whom the foster lean, the money requisite for the nourishing the children, should be applied. The bridegroom was then required to pledge himself to this, and his friends became responsible for him.

This matter being arranged, he was then to signify what he meant to give her for choosing to be his wife, and what he should give her in case she survived him. I consider the first gift to be a designation of his intended morgan gift. This was the present which the Anglo-Saxon wives received from their husbands on the day after their nuptials, as it is expressed in the law. It seems to have been intended as a compliment to the ladies for honouring a suitor with their preference, and for submitting to the duties of wedlock. The law adds, that if it be so agreed it is right that she should halve the property, or have the whole if they had children together, unless she chose again another husband. This was an improvement on the ancient law, which, in the event of no issue, had directed the morgan gift to be returned.

The bridegroom was then required to confirm with his pledge all that he had promised, and his friends were to become responsible for its due performance.

These preliminaries being settled, they proceeded to the marriage. Her relations then took and wedded her to wife, and to a right life, with him who desired her, and the person appointed to keep the pledges that had been given took the security for them. For the more complete assurance of the lady's personal safety and comfort in those days, wherein a multiplicity of jurisdictions gave often impunity to crime, the friends who took the pledges were authorized to become guarantee to her, that if her husband carried her into another thane's land he would do her no injury; and that if she did wrong, they would be ready to answer the compensation, if she had nothing from which she could pay it.

The law proceeds to direct that the mass priest should be present at the marriage, and should consecrate their union with the divine blessing to every happiness and prosperity. There is an article in one of the collections of ecclesiastical canons, "How man shall bless the bridegroom and the bride."

The Anglo-Saxon remains will furnish us with some illustrations of the pecuniary contracts which attended their marriages. We will give one document at length, as it may be called an Anglo-Saxon lady's marriage-settlement.

"There appears in this writing the compact which Wulfric and the archbishop made when he obtained the archbishop's sister for his wife. It is, that he promised her the land at Ealretune and at Rebbedforda for her life, and promised her the land at Cnihte-wica; that he would obtain it for her for the lives of three men from the monastery at Wincelcumbe; and he gave her the land at Eanulfin-tune to give and to grant to those that were dearest to her during life, and after her life to those that were dearest to her; and he promised her fifty mances of gold, and thirty men, and thirty horses. Now of this were to witness Wulfstan the archbishop, and Leofwin the ealdorman, and Æthelstan bishop, and Ælford abbot, and Briteh monk, and many good men in addition to them, both ecclesiastics and laymen, that this compact was thus made. Now of this compact there are two writings; one with the archbishop at Wigere ceaster, and another with Æthelstan, the bishop at Herford."

Without deviating into an exposition of the customs of other nations as to the morgan gift, we will state a few circumstances concerning it from our own documents. It is frequently mentioned in ladies' wills: thus Wynfleda bequeathing some land at Faccancumb, calls

it her morgen gifu. So Elfleda, in her will, says, "Rettendum that was my morgen gyfu;" and Elfhelm in his will has this passage: "And I declare what I gave to my wife for her morgen give; that is, Beadewan, and Burge stede, and Strætford, and the three hides at Heanhealem." The same testator notices an additional present that he had made his wife on her nuptials: "And I gave to her when we two first came together, the two hides at Wilburgeham, and at Hrægenan, and that thereto lieth." The morgen gift was therefore a settlement on the lady very similar to a modern jointure. It was bargained for before marriage, but was not actually vested in the wife till afterwards. Our conception of the thing will be probably simplified and assisted by recollecting the language of our modern settlements. The land or property conveyed by them is given in trust for the person who grants it "until the said marriage shall take effect; and from and immediately after the solemnization thereof," it is then granted to the uses agreed upon. So the morgen gift was settled before the nuptials, but was not actually given away until the morning afterwards, or until the marriage was completed.

Nothing could be more calculated to produce a very

striking dissimilarity between the Gothic nations and the Oriental states than this exaltation of the female sex to that honour, consequence, and independence, which European laws studied to uphold. As the education of youth will always rest principally with women in the most ductile part of life, it is of the greatest importance that the fair sex should possess high rank and estimation in society, and nothing could more certainly tend to perpetuate this feeling than the privilege of possessing property in their own right, and at their own disposal.

That the Anglo-Saxon ladies both inherited and disposed of property as they pleased, appears from many instances: a wife is mentioned who devised land by her will, with the consent of her husband, in his lifetime. We read also of land which a wife had sold in her husband's life. We frequently find wives the parties to a sale of land, and still oftener we read of estates given to women, or devised by men of affluence to their wives. Widows selling property is also a common occurrence; so is the incident of women devising it. That they inherited land is also clear, for a case is mentioned wherein there being no male heir the estate went to a female. Women appear as tenants in capite in Doomsday.

There are many instances of land being granted to both husband and wife. The queens frequently join in the charters with the kings; and it is once mentioned, that a widow and the heirs were sued for her husband's debts. Indeed, the instances of women having property transferred to them, and also of their transmitting it to others, surround it on all sides. To name only a few: a king's mother gave five hides to a noble matron, which she gave to a monastery. When a bishop had bought some lands of an husband and a wife, he fixed a day when she should come and surrender them because she had the greater right to the land by a former husband. A mother bequeathed property to two of her daughters, and to her third daughter Leosware she gave an estate at Weddreingefete on the reproachful condition that she should keep herself chaste or marry, that she and her progeny might not be branded with the infamy of the contagion of prostitution.

In the oldest Anglo-Saxon law widows were protected by an express regulation. Four ranks are mentioned: an eorlcund's widow, another sort, a third and fourth sort. Their tranquillity invaded was to be punished by fines adapted to their quality, as fifty shillings, twenty, twelve, and six shillings. They were also guarded

from personal violence. If any took a widow without her consent he was to be fined a double mulct. It was also expressly forbidden to any one to marry a woman if she was unwilling.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EXCELLENT WIVES.

SELECTIONS of the wives who have done honour to themselves, to their husbands, and to the marriage relationship has been difficult, inasmuch, in spite of current surmises to the contrary, we find the number so great and imposing. Our gallery of model wives we intend to represent different stations and classes in society, from the great and noble to respectable matrons of the middle orders in society. Two admirable works, one large and comprehensive, and the other portable and select, have greatly helped us in the choice we have made—Burder's "Memoirs of Eminently Pious Women," and Mrs. Child's "Good Wives." Our English biographies and memoirs are rich in this class of literature, and we could have much enlarged this chapter of our book.

We are also much beholden to an eloquent volume, entitled "The Daughters of Zion," by the Rev. Dr.

Burchard; and to a justly celebrated authoress, one of our highly esteemed countrywomen, Mrs. C. L. Balfour, for the Scripture portraits we present. We have preferred sketches of the many, rather than long, elaborate lives of the few. Yet several of Mrs. Child's portraits we give entire.

True and life-like portraits, we think, always tell, and much more than prescribed lessons or ethical disquisitions. How interesting to see how love, and intelligence, and fortitude, and patience, and goodness shine amidst the trials and sorrows and bereavements of life. To see affection burning with a pure intense heat—fidelity uncorrupted and incorruptible—devotedness, sacrificing life itself—these are not romantic imaginings, or rhetorical hyperboles, but matters of historical celebrity; and while we have not sought out extreme cases, we trust our gallery of model wives will command the admiration of our fair readers, and excite in many a womanly heart the spirit of earnest emulation. As the wife is, so will be the husband, the nursery, the home; woman reigns here, and as she wisely and lovingly sways her sceptre, will be the comfort and joy of the domestic kingdom.

Solomon's description of the virtuous woman is so

pictorially lovely, that it may well form a fitting introduction to the chapter we devote to this subject.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

"She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

"She perceiveth that her merchandize is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

"She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchants.

"Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

PROVERBS xxxi. 10—31.

SARAH.

Among the illustrious godly women of Scripture, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, holds a distinguished and prominent place. Her piety and conjugal virtues are eulogized by the Apostle, and her example is exhibited for universal imitation. The eloquent Dr. Burchard thus vividly introduces her to our notice, and depicts the leading traits of her excellent character.

She was a dark-eyed maiden of unusual beauty, dwelling in the tents of Haran, her father, in the mountains of Armenia. Her grandfather's name was Terah, a descendant of Shem; and her ancestors, therefore, must have been familiar with that signal and merited catastrophe which cleansed the world of its wide-spread pollutions, and left its vestiges everywhere on the face of the deeply-marred earth. When the waters of the Deluge had vanished from the earth, Noah, as an expression of his gratitude and a memorial of the divine goodness, built an altar unto the Lord; but his descendants soon obliterated from their minds the knowledge of God, degenerated into idolatry, and the firmament and the orbs of light became objects of worship.

Sarai, then, was born in an age of idolatry, in the city of *Ur*, of the Chaldees, a name signifying fire or light, whose altars of religious worship were consecrated to the sun. She, too, in her young life, was an idolatress, and, doubtless, often wandered in the still morning twilight, or at eventide amid the groves and fields, to listen to the music of birds, and to offer the deep fervors of her heart to the rising and setting sun. An orb so glorious, dispelling darkness, sending his radiance into the deep and shadowy recesses of earth, filling the world with light and beauty, causing all nature to send up one full song of ecstasy, she conceived to be worthy of the profound and earnest adorations of her heart. Though darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, the God of Noah seems not to have been altogether unknown, and the last rays of departing truth lingered still upon the tents of Terah. Abram, his youngest son, seems to have been blessed with clearer visions of the Almighty, and was selected as the honoured medium of conveying His knowledge and will to succeeding generations. He was not unmindful of the attractions of the Chaldean maiden, and, though a near kinsman, he sought her hand in marriage. She had just felt the deep and sad

emotions of filial grief, and had wept bitter tears over the grave of her father, and her warm heart both responded to his love and embraced his faith. Now they bend not beneath the nightly sky to worship the stars of heaven, nor the moon bathing with glory nature in her calm repose. Nor as morning breaks over their native hills, painting the landscape with gold, purple, and crimson, do they go forth to join in the adorations of their idolatrous kindred. They repair to a holier altar, and Sarai feels a new and strange rapture, as her mind rises above nature to nature's God. Her soul's deep recesses are illumined by light more soft and radiant than that of the sun, and all the poetry and deep devotion of her active and sensitive nature find ample expression in her worship of the All-bountiful Father. Her great beauty, her finely-developed person, her noble and generous qualities of mind and heart, made her, what her name imports, a *princess*, and worthy to be the wife of one who was to be the father of the faithful. In happy and harmonious fellowship they lived in their native land, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, until a voice divine came to them, saying, "Arise, this is not your rest, and go to a land of which I will tell you."

But not the least of Abram's comforts was the love of his dutiful wife. He had numerous relatives and attendants, but no eye greeted him with the affection, and no voice sounded so sweet to him as his beloved Sarai's.

She was a *true* wife, making home a paradise, a green spot, redeemed from the curse of sin, where the weary pilgrim forgot his exile and his cares, enjoyed the present, and hoped, in the divine promise, for the future. He possessed all the elements essential to happiness—a contented heart, a loving wife, and an unshaken trust in a *covenant* God.

At length we observe an unusual stillness pervading the vale of Mamre. The vine still covers the hill-sides —verdure clothes the fields, and the rich light from above mantles every object with a calm and quite beauty. The birds are singing in the groves, and all nature is serenely joyful. But the patriarchal encampment seems solitary and deserted. At times, the attendants are seen to move noiselessly to their necessary duties, without the usual interchange of mirthful greetings. They appear stricken and sad. No sound of joy comes from the neighbouring fields, for the pipe of the shepherd is still. The keeper sits pensively beside his

flocks, and allows them to wander at will. But lo! there comes the patriarch himself—he has heard melancholy tidings, and his noble face is darkened with sorrow. He directs his steps to the tent of his wife, she who came with the sojourner from beyond the Euphrates, and having reached it, he sits down at its door in the attitude of a deeply-stricken mourner. Alas! the sad crisis has come. No more shall the vale of Mamre be trodden by the fair daughter of the land of Mesopotamia. The mistress of the tent, pale as the snow, yet beautiful as morning, is laid out in her long and last sleep. The journeyings of Sarah have found an end. The afflicted patriarch was bowed to the earth, and refused to be comforted because of the departed idol of his youth.

She had grown up under his eye, in his native land. She had clung to him in all the changes of his fortune. Her beauty had been the ornament of his tent, and her piety the comfort of his life. She had been the companion of his wanderings, and the partner of his faith, and the best tribute to her worth were the tears he now shed. But the dead must find sepulture; and he rises from beside the corpse of his once beautiful wife, where he had been for three days and nights, and still, trem-

bling with the excitement of grief, he stood before the princes of Canaan, and said, "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you, give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight." He purchased the cave in the field of Machpelah, shaded with forest trees, and with princely funeral pomp was it consecrated for a family burying-place, and here he laid, amid the lamentations of a thousand voices, the form he loved when a beauteous maiden, and had cherished as the noblest of wives, and the best of mothers. With Isaac weeping at his side, he turned away to tread, for a time, as a pilgrim, this green earth, and to wait patiently until his change should come, and his spirit united with the loved and the lost

RUTH.

In language similar to the prophetic declaration of her royal descendant, did the voice of Heaven speak to her heart: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people and thy father's house: so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty, for he is thy Lord, and worship thou Him."—Ps. xlv. 10, 11.

To this voice she heartily responded, and she and Naomi both pursued their long and weary way to Bethlehem. Many, doubtless, were their surmises, fears, and deep anxieties about the future: but, faith was triumphant—their journey is ended—and the young Moabitess is a gleaner in the rich fields of Boaz. Here another admired trait appears in the character of Ruth. She submits her hands, unused to toil, to the hard drudgery of the harvest-field. She had been delicately trained in the land of Moab; she had moved in the gay saloons of pleasure; she had been admired and caressed for her beauty and virtue, and was illy prepared for so hard a lot; but unmurmuringly she submits, and, prompted by affection, and with a happy heart, she says to Naomi, "Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn: and she said unto her, Go, my daughter: and she went and gleaned in the field after the reapers." And the God "under whose wings she had come to trust," favoured her, and at nightfall she returned to her mother, laden with the precious fruits of her labour. Her strange beauty, her unaffected modesty, and respectful address, had attracted the attention of Boaz, and he had directed the reapers to treat her kindly, and to let fall handfulls of grain on purpose for her. In

this direction he had respect not only to the beautiful stranger, but to the law of Moses—forbidding to reap wholly the corners of the field, or to gather the gleanings of the harvest, but commanding to leave them for the poor and the stranger. Ruth acknowledged the favour, and with artless simplicity said, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger? And Boaz answered and said unto her, It hath fully been showed me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband, and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work." This address of Boaz was peculiarly grateful to the heart of the young maiden. He intimates, that he had heard of her devotion to her afflicted mother-in-law—the noble sacrifice she had made for the truth's sake—her decided preference for the people of God to her idolatrous kindred.

It seems that the arrival of Naomi with the beautiful stranger had produced no little sensation in the quiet town of Bethlehem. Her changed appearance, her unprotected and prostrate condition, excited the deep

sympathy of the people, and, "all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi? And she said unto them, "Call me not *Naomi;* call me *Mara*—for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me *Naomi*, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?" Her original name was in keeping with her former circumstances—*affluent, pleasant;* but now that the Almighty had "dealt bitterly" with her, she preferred to be called *Mara*—which signifies *bitter*. Boaz had not been an indifferent spectator to all that had transpired; his heart had shared largely in the general sympathy, and hence his courteous address to the Moabitish gleaner. He bid her welcome to his harvest-fields—charged his servants to treat her with peculiar favour—invited her to take of their refreshments and drink of their beverage.

Events are now hastening to a most desirable consummation. The rich, pious, and amiable Boaz is a near kinsman of the departed Elimelech; and it seems that the law of Israel, concerning a man's marrying his brother's widow, when he died childless, extended to other near relatives, when there were no brethren.

Naomi, recognizing the application of this law, and conceiving that a change in the relations of Ruth might be productive of good to all parties, suggested to her a simple and innocent device, by which she might modestly and effectively prefer her claim to Boaz as her legitimate and loving protector. The device was eminently successful in winning the heart of Boaz. He was more than ever struck with her modest worth, her amiable beauty; and, while her heart was fluttering like a frightened bird as to the result of the experiment, he quieted her agitation by saying, "Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter; for thou hast showed more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followedst not young men, whether poor or rich. And now, my daughter, fear not; I will do to thee all that thou requirest, for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman. And now it is true that I am thy near kinsman; howbeit, there is a kinsman nearer than I."

This last announcement, though tenderly uttered, fell like a thunderbolt upon her warm and sensitive heart. She had preferred Boaz to every other man, whether poor or rich, whether of Moab or of Israel, and she had not even conceived that any one could have a prior

claim to his: but Boaz would not do a dishonourable act; he would not take advantage of the absent kinsman, as he had not taken advantage of the exposed condition of Ruth. His integrity and virtue upon this occasion are equally conspicuous. Hope, fear, tender and tremulous affection, are now struggling in the young heart of Ruth. Perceiving her trepidation, he assured her that their mutual desire should be realised, if the nearer relative declined to prefer his claim.

At early dawn, with hurried step and heaving breast, he availed himself of the probable opportunity of meeting the nearer kinsman at the city gate. He fully and fairly stated the case: the land of Elimelech must be redeemed, and his name perpetuated in Israel, through the widow of his deceased son. "If thou wilt redeem it," says he, "redeem it; but if thou wilt not, then tell me, that I may know; for there is none to redeem it besides thee; and I am after thee. What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth, the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance. And the kinsman said, I can not redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance: redeem thou my right to thyself, for I can not redeem it." The way was now

prepared, and the heart of Boaz was at rest. The maiden is informed—whose mind had been kept in tremulous suspense—that the God of Israel had favoured her, and that she was preferred to all the dark-eyed daughters of Juda. She is conducted to the city gate, where, with her mother-in-law, she stands, beautiful in every grace of person, her heart swelling with the purest emotions of love and gratitude; and gently leaning, like the spouse of Christ, "on the arm of her beloved," the sacred nuptials are consummated in the presence of the elders, and according to the custom of the East.

The Moabitish gleaner is the honoured wife of Boaz: she becomes the mother of a son who is the grandfather of David, the sweet singer of Israel; and thus, by the blending in happy marriage of heathen and Hebrew, was plainly indicated the union of Jew and Gentile, which should be effectually consummated by the birth and mission of their royal Descendant, who was emphatically designated as both the Son and Lord of David. To this glorious union and issue, the congratulations of the women of Bethlehem obviously referred as the fond hope of general expectation, when they said unto Naomi, "Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be

famous in Israel. And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life and a nourisher of thine old age; for thy daughter-in-law which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him." To whatever extent this language might be realised in the temporal circumstances of Naomi, the whole certainty applies, with far greater force and propriety, to the blessing descending upon mankind by the birth of CHRIST. *His* name is indeed "famous," for it is exalted above every name: of Him only can it be said, that He is the Restorer of life; and the Church, redeemed out of all lands and kindred by His blood, will thankfully set the seal of her faith to the verity of His promises, and the truth and glory of His mission.

HANNAH.

The holy and devoted mother of Samuel cannot fail to interest all who love to meditate on womanly excellence. Her portrait is beautifully sketched by one of our most justly admired and popular writers. In her "Women of Scripture," Mrs. C. L. Balfour says:—

A beautiful consistency marked all the conduct of this admirable woman. Though she deeply deplored

the want of offspring, this feeling never betrayed her into sin, and consequently could not have been indulged to excess. In this respect there is a marked superiority in her character over each of the three distinguished women of patriarchal times who were long without offspring. Sarah, in the first place, used unjustifiable means to bring about God's promise, and then ultimately laughed at the message of the heavenly guests in reference to herself becoming a mother: precipitancy in each instance marked her conduct. Rebekah appears to have been indifferent to the privation under which she laboured for twenty years, an indifference that was not blameless in one of that race who had received a special blessing as regarded their posterity. Rachel, impetuous, passionate, complaining, exclaimed,—"Give me children or I die." He who "knoweth our frame, who remembereth we are but dust," does not require the extinction of natural wishes and pure desires: He requires them to be subordinated to reason and regulated by piety, as were Hannah's.

It is a memorable fact in Hannah's exalted character, that she never for a moment lost sight of the vow she had made to dedicate her child to the Lord. There are some feelings that cannot be understood until they are

experienced. Maternal love is one of these. Deep, true, warm affection the heart may know, but the devoted, tender, watchful, unselfish love of a mother, only can be known by those who have felt it. When Hannah vowed to dedicate her boy to the service of the temple, that he might there "abide for ever," to "give him to the Lord all the days of his life," she knew not how great would be the effort to tear that child from her maternal arms. To make such a vow was easy, to keep it, oh! how difficult. Yet never does the recollection of her covenant fade from her memory. She performs all the fond offices of maternity for her child; he becomes daily more and more precious to her eyes and heart, but he is the Lord's—she is nursing him not for herself but for the Almighty. What a lesson of integrity, of determination, of maternal faithfulness! What a spiritual application it affords. Are not all mothers rearing their children for an unseen world, where they must abide for ever? Happy, unspeakably happy, those who are training their immortal charges for usefulness in time, and blessedness in eternity. Does not Hannah's history teach also that mothers must begin early? The very name of her infant could not be uttered without calling up thankful and pious thoughts.

"Vowed and dedicated" to God even before his birth, all his training would be in harmony with that dedication; and when we remember the results that followed this training, how eminent the son of this distinguished mother became, it adds one to the multitude of instances which all history records, that the character of offspring depends mainly on the influence of mothers.

We can imagine how swiftly passed the time that brought about the period when Hannah was to perform her vow. We do not know the exact age of Samuel when he was taken by his mother up to the house of the Lord at Shiloh; but the Scripture tells us "the child was young." There is a world of feeling in those few words.

> "The child was young—a joyous thing
> About a mother's neck to cling,
> Upon a mother's hearth to bound,
> And scatter joy, like sunshine, round."

Imagination fondly pictures the wonder in those childish eyes—the winning, artless grace of that infant form—the meek obedience on that fair young brow, as he stood beside his mother before the high priest. Gifts were not wanting for the sacrifices of God's house; but what a precious gift was that sweet child—"the only

son of his mother!" Multitudes brought their offerings —turtle-doves, firstfruits, and other oblations; but Hannah's priceless offering was the concentration of maternal love.

There is great delicacy in the manner in which Hannah recalled herself to the recollection of the high priest. His unjust charge, and the mild reply which had so turned his heart that he had uttered a blessing after his hasty reproof, was an event not likely to be obliterated from the recollection of Eli. Hannah does not even glance at his former misapprehension: "And she said, Oh, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: Therefore also have I lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." The pious mother did not give her child grudgingly to the Lord. No tears, no irresolution marked the act; but as she had once prayed at that place in sorrow and bitterness, so she now prayed in joy and thankfulness. Happy the heart that at all seasons, and in every variety of emotion, has "a correspondence fixed with heaven."

The noble thanksgiving of Hannah, like the chorus of Miriam and the song of Deborah, is an evidence of high

intellectuality as well as devotion. It is the rapt, seraphic utterance of a God-illumined soul; adoration of God's goodness and greatness are its leading characteristics. In the first verse there is a passing allusion to her former trials, and to the adversary in her own dwelling—"My mouth is enlarged over mine enemies;" but instantly, as if the thought was checked in its human application as unworthy, she adds, "because I rejoice in thy salvation." The Lord has been her refuge and help, is the leading idea. The humility of this thanksgiving is another very prominent peculiarity: "Talk no more so exceeding proudly, let not arrogancy come out of your mouth: for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed." And again, after lauding the might, majesty, and dominion of God, she recalls the nothingness of man, saying, "By strength shall no man prevail." The pre-eminent glory of this sublime prayer consists in the prophecy with which it concludes. With the exception of Jacob's dying prophecy, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come," and Moses' statement, "A prophet like unto me shall he raise up," Hannah was undoubtedly the first to announce the coming of the Messiah. Before the illustrious band

of prophets and holy seers had told the glad tidings of the Redeemer's future coming, it was a high honour that a woman should prophesy of this grand event. These were the words of Hannah nearly twelve hundred years before the advent of the Messiah: "The Lord shall judge the ends of the earth, and he shall give strength unto his King, and exalt the horn of his Anointed." The offices of Christ, as Judge, King, and Priest, are distinctly set forth in this sentence. Thus Hannah was the first to strike that key-note of prophecy which swelled into so grand a strain in the time of the prophets.

MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

All hail! thou highly favoured of the Lord. Thy dignity and privileges were longed for by all the holy mothers in Israel. Yes, to be of the Messiah's line, and to have the maternal glory of bringing forth the Shiloh, excited a deep, intense emotion, which is everywhere manifested in the early Scriptures. We again give the glowing descriptions of Dr. Burchard.

Far up int he north of Galilee, imbosomed with hills,

barren of art or cultivation, was the little town of Nazareth, proverbial for its poverty and meanness. The people, for the most, were ignorant and vicious, still there were some few, even there, who, in patient hope, longed to see the day-star that was to visit them from on high.

On the side of a hill, overlooking the squalid dwellings of poverty, was a neatly-thatched cottage surrounded with fig-trees, and adorned with flowers, thus presenting an air of thrift and neatness. Here dwelt the Virgin Mary, unknown by the great world—a *lovely*, yet lowly, daughter of Zion.

She had, from early childhood, been one of those meek and trusting creatures, who make all light and beauty around them. Her parents had cherished her as the gift of Heaven—as the solace of their lives, and with them did she daily kneel, and worship the God of Israel. Her whole soul was full of the spirit of devotion. It raised her above earth—above sense, and imparted a heavenly serenity to all her features. She shared in the general expectation of her nation; and the hope of a speedily-coming Messiah was becoming stronger and stronger, as she drank deeper and deeper into the spirit of prophecy.

It was at the close of day, and the humble maiden, having finished her weary toil, and laid aside her distaff, had seated herself beside the open window to meditate upon the things dearest to her heart. The evening breeze played among the rich tresses that shaded her brow, as she gazed thoughtfully upon the neighbouring hills, now glowing with the retreating rays of the setting sun. There she sat, with a sad and subdued expression, as if musing upon the sorrows of her nation. Ever and anon a light would beam in her dark eye, as though kindled by a contemplation of the Divine promise. But why does the colour deepen upon her cheek, and the tear tremble in her eye? Why does her gentle bosom heave with deep emotion? Has she dwelt too long or too hopefully upon her coming happiness with the chosen of her heart? Has she pictured to herself in more glowing colours than is becoming a Jewish maiden, not yet summoned to the bridal altar, the pleasures of her future home? No; she has been thinking of the sins of her people, until she has wept in sorrow for the miseries that have come upon them.

And again her eye has kindled with hope as she dwelt upon the ancient prophecy, now hastening to its fulfillment. And as she has traced her ancestry back to

the Shepherd King, the thought has glanced across her mind, in spite of her maiden modesty, that perchance she might be the honoured and chosen one from among the thousand mothers of Israel.

Thus musing, the hours of night passed unheeded by, when suddenly her attention was arrested by the entrance of a stranger, and the room seemed bathed in a soft and heavenly light.

His voice fell upon the hushed stillness of that hour, in a tone of sweetness that filled her throbbing heart with emotions both of fear and hope—"Hail, thou that art highly favoured—the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."

Startled at so strange a manifestation, and fearing lest some spirit had been sent to reprove her for the lofty aspirations which she had just ventured secretly to cherish, she stood trembling.

In yet sweeter accents the celestial visitant continued, "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God; thou art chosen to be the mother of Jesus, who shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." As the voice ceased, she

felt all the tumult of her fears subside, and raised her beaming eyes in adoring wonder upon the being who had thus answered to the desires of her heart. But the honour was so great, her condition was so lowly, that hope and fear struggled alternately for the mastery; "and she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be." Her imprisoned feelings soon found utterance, and she said, "Lord, how can these things be, since I have not yet departed from my father's house?"

The countenance of the angel was clothed with a smile as he answered: "Doubt not, Mary, with God all things are possible. His Spirit shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee, and that Holy One that shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God. Behold, to the husband of thy cousin Elizabeth have I also been sent with the glad announcement, that she, too, shall become a mother in Israel."

The truth of the message, in all its mystery, and in all its marvel, now broke upon her mind, and she could doubt no longer; and raising her clasped hands, she said, in meek submission, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word."

The struggle was now over, and joy unutterable thrilled her heart, as she bowed upon the low cushion she had left, and pondered upon the sublime mysteries of the incarnation. All the prophecies with which her mind was familiar, relating to the advent and exaltation of the Messiah, came flashing up to her remembrance, and she saw herself raised, at once, from deep obscurity to the highest glory—from the neglected daughter of Nazareth, to be the most honoured and the most envied of all the mothers in Israel.

Exhausted nature could endure no more, and the bright stars looked down approvingly upon the sleeping face of this favoured child of heaven.

This same angel Gabriel had, thousands of years before, descended from his starlit home, and marked out to the dwellers in Mesopotamia, the grand outlines of the redemptive scheme—had, from time to time, been sent to encourage the faith of the patriarchs of the older church—had rescued Lot from the perils of Sodom—whose voice Daniel had heard by Ulai's banks, informing him of the four hundred and ninety years that must elapse before Messiah's coming; but *never* had he uttered a sublimer message, than this simple annunciation to the confiding and humble virgin of Nazareth.

The peculiar condition of the Virgin was now manifest, and she felt that a heavy trial was before her. The love of her heart had answered to the love of another—already was she betrothed to Joseph—the carpenter of Nazareth. She was sensitively alive to the feelings that might be awakened in his heart on meeting. Her fidelity might be doubted, and the love which had awakened a responsive echo in her own bosom, might be changed to hatred. Conscious of her innocence, she meditates no defence, no plea, but calmly resolves to leave herself, her hopes, and her fears with God, who had taken her cause in His own hands.

But the trial came. The eye of Joseph did not kindle with joy at her return. His usually calm and happy face looked troubled—his heart was agitated with tender, yet *terrible* emotions. He had no knowledge of her interview with the angel, and of the distinguished honour put upon her. And the being, whom he had clothed with every beautiful perfection, seemed fallen—*a frail* and erring one. He felt compassion for her, but how could he lead her to the altar, and make her the chosen of his heart? Yet, how could he publicly expose her—bring her to trial—set her up before his nation as a common sinner—an abandoned daughter, and victim of shame?

It will be remembered that the Jewish law inflicted the same penalty upon those betrothed, in case of incontinence, as it did upon married persons, who were unfaithful to their marriage vows, which was, that they should be stoned to death.

What then could Joseph do in his perplexity? He had loved—almost *idolized* her, "and, not willing to make her a public example," he resolved to put her away privately.

This was in keeping with his character as a *just man.* He was not insensible to her apparent wrong, neither was he inexorably severe—his justice was tempered with mercy.

But, it may be asked, why did not Mary state the facts of her experience, and thus relieve his mind from perplexity, and save her character from even the suspicion of wrong? To this, it may be replied, that she had received no direction from the angel to attempt any vindication of herself; and a voluntary effort to establish her innocence might have been construed into a secret sense and uneasiness of guilt. Besides, her genuine humility may have deterred her from speaking of the distinguished honour conferred upon her. She was not the first to speak of it, even to her cousin

Elizabeth, who was in a condition to share all the joys and sorrows of her heart.

But while Joseph is meditating a dissolution of the intimacy and relationship between himself and his betrothed Mary, God interposes, and while the faithful artizan is buried in the depths of slumber, an angel from heaven bends over his couch, and says, "Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call his name *Jesus;* for He shall save His people from their sins."

He awoke in a delirium of joy from this sweet dream. His burden is removed—his suspicions gone—he comprehends, in all its marvel, the prophetic saying, "Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name *Immanuel*, which, being interpreted, is, *God with us.*" With very different feelings from those with which he left her, does he hasten to the home of Mary, to tell her *all*, and take the burden from her pure and sensitive heart.

As he gazes upon that clear, open brow, and those mild, truth-telling eyes, never did she appear so transcendently lovely, and he led her to his home, as his

own loving and unsullied bride. Thus ended her trial. Months passed, and the great event, around which gathered the concentrated light of prophecy, was hastening to a consummation.

The home, the associations, the kindred, the occupation of Joseph and Mary were in Nazareth. But more than seven hundred years before, Micah had expressly said, "And thou Bethlehem, Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth to me, that is to be Ruler in Israel." Shall that distant prophecy be fulfilled? See how events, the most unlikely and least anticipated, combine to bring it to pass. See how a mysterious Providence is directing the politics and edicts of monarchs, that the inaugural of Jesus may be celebrated on the very spot, hallowed and determined in the counsels of eternity.

Neander says: "The Emperor Augustus had ordered a general census of the Roman Empire, partly to obtain correct statistics of its resources, and partly for purposes of taxation. As Judea was then a dependency of the Empire, and Augustus probably intended to reduce it entirely to the state of a Roman province, he wished to secure similar statistics of that country, and ordered King Herod to take the census. In performing this

duty, Herod followed the Jewish usage—*a division by tribes.* Joseph and Mary belonged to the tribe of David, and therefore had to repair to Bethlehem, the seat of that tribe."

Obedient to this high decree, many a proud and glittering company swept by the humble wayfarers from Nazareth, little dreaming of the high part they were to act in the great drama of Providence.

Toil-worn and weary, they at length reached the city of their ancestors; but the rich and the proud had anticipated them, and filled all the houses of public reception, so that they were compelled to take refuge, with the beast that had borne them on their way, beneath the shelter of a stable.

The hum of business had ceased; for night had come down upon the world, and the stars shone softly our from the deep blue heavens above. All nature, like a slumbering infant, was hushed and still. Naught but some faithful shepherds were seen on the surrounding hill-sides, watching their flocks, musing upon their country's wrongs, and cherishing deep in their hearts the promise of Messiah's coming.

The weary travellers have lain down on their bed of straw, but not to slumber. The expected hour has

come, and the holy Virgin was permitted to fold in her maternal arms the promised Son—*the Saviour of the world.*

Never did a mother have such feelings on gazing upon the face of her first-born. Strange, *new*, *unutterable* were her emotions. She was a mother, indeed, but she was the mother of her Lord! Awe and reverence mingled with the deep maternal impulses of her heart.

Lowly, indeed, was the advent of Jesus. No martial array—no trumpet's peal announced His coming. No richly-ornamented palace, supported by marble pillars, sheltered His defenceless head. No vestments of pure white, fringed and interlaced with gold, covered His tender limbs. No obsequious attendants, gorgeously attired in purple and scarlet, received the weeping babe from His mother's arms. None of the affluent, who had crowded the inns, came out to do Him reverence. But if earth was thus unmindful of the advent of her King, heaven was not.

The harp of prophecy had long since uttered this mysterious saying, "When the First Begotten is brought into the world, let all the angels of God worship Him."

Gabriel, who had acted so prominent a part in all the

preparatory scenes of this divine drama, who had said to the trembling Virgin, "Fear not," who had stilled the tumult of Joseph's heart, hastens to the wondering shepherds, with the startling announcement, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

Scarcely had his voice ceased, and while their thoughts were struggling for expression, the heavens were illumined by a band of bright celestials, and their native hills were vocal with the swelling chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men."

"As earth asleep unconscious lay,
They struck their golden lyres."

The kneeling shepherds waited but to catch the last faint echoes of the pealing anthem, as, with earnest gaze, they watched the homeward flight of those celestial harbingers of peace and love. Then, starting to their feet, in bewildering ecstacy, they hastened to Bethlehem, and there found Mary, bending, with adoring love, over the sleeping face of her child. In the

hushed stillness of that humble stable, they knelt before the infant Jesus, and related all that they had seen and heard; "But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

In a brief review of her history we are impressed with her purity and lofty faith.

The reasons why she was so highly favoured above all the Daughters of Zion, in being chosen to be the mother of our Lord, may not be obvious to us; but that she was pre-eminently devout, a true daughter of Abraham, a beautiful example of the piety which breathed and burned in the ancient Hebrew church, when the faith of God's people fed upon the promise of a coming Messiah, there can be no doubt. It was earnest faith in the Unseen that formed the substratum of her character. When the angel appeared to her, with the startling announcement, that she would conceive and bring forth a Son, under the overshadowing influence of the Holy Ghost, though agitated for a moment, though reason could not fathom the mystery —though the thing was unprecedented, and the eye of sense could perceive no law by which it might be effected, yet in the exercise of a sublime faith, she realized that all things were possible with God. Unbelief

might have suggested insurmountable obstacles, or a selfish prudence might have arrayed before her excited imagination the cold suspicions and alienation of Joseph, the condemnation of the world, the death penalty for her supposed crime. But no sooner does she recognize the heavenly origin of the annunciation, than she leaves all the issues with God, bows submissively to His will, and says, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." Throughout her entire life, in all her travels and trials, this same earnest faith is apparent. Under its influence, she hastens to the mountain home of her cousin Elizabeth, responds to her salutation in a lofty and poetic strain, alike creditable to her genius and heart—returns to meet, without a murmur, the temporary alienation of Joseph, then to pass through the crisis at Bethlehem—then to flee as a fugitive to Egypt—then to return, a homeless wanderer, back to Nazareth, and yet not a regret is in her heart, or a doubt to dim the lustre of her faith.

She was the first disciple of Jesus, and worshipped him as God, while she cherished him as her son. Neither did she desert him, when the world scorned him—when his own friends forsook him—when Judas betrayed him—when the chief priests adjudged him to

be worthy of death—or when the great crisis of his agony came. But she was there to witness her son tread the wine-press of the wrath of God alone—to see the warm blood gush from those sacred temples, which she had once pillowed upon her own maternal bosom.

PANTHEA, WIFE OF ABRADATAS, KING OF THE SUSIANS.

When Cyrus the Great conquered the Assyrians, Panthea was among the captives of his sword. Her husband, Abradatas, was gone on an embassy to the King of the Bactrians, at the time the camp was taken by the Persians; and at this trying moment the poor queen had no one to whom she could fly for protection or sympathy.

Being the most beautiful woman in all Asia, Panthea was selected as a suitable present for the conquering Cyrus. When the Persian officers visited her tent, the gracefulness of her figure immediately attracted attention, although she was dressed in the same manner as her servants, and covered with a long veil. Perceiving her deep dejection, they said to her "Take courage,

woman; we have heard that your husband is indeed an excellent man; but we have chosen you for one who is not inferior to him in person, in understanding, or in power; for if there be a man in the world who deserves admiration, it is Cyrus; and to him henceforward you shall belong." As soon as the young queen heard this, she burst into a passion of grief, and refused all consolation; for her heart was with her husband.

When Cyrus heard the story, he refused even to see her, least he might be too much fascinated by her rare loveliness.

He ordered his friend Araspes to see that she was attended with the utmost respect, and nothing omitted, which could contribute to her happiness.

Araspes, dazzled by her beauty, and hearing continually of her excellence, became very much in love with her. For a long time, Panthea refrained from bringing any complaint against the friend of Cyrus; but at last he grew so importunate and troublesome, that she was obliged to inform the king of his conduct

Cyrus, unwilling to treat his friend in an angry manner, yet anxious to place him out of the way of the charming captive, proposed to Araspes to proceed of the enemy's camp, as a pretended deserter, but real spy.

Araspes, who was conscious of deserving severe reproof, readily consented. When Panthea heard of his desertion, she sent a messenger to Cyrus, saying, "Do not be afflicted that Araspes has gone over to the enemy. If you allow me to send for my husband, I will engage that he will prove a much more faithful friend than Araspes. The prince who now reigns once attempted to part us from each other; Abradatas therefore considers him an unjust man. I know that he would joyfully revolt from him to such a man as you are."

Permission to send for her husband was readily granted; and when Abradatas heard how generously his wife had been treated by the conqueror, he cheerfully marched with two thousand horse to join the forces of Cyrus. When he came up with the Persian scouts, he sent to the king to tell him who he was; and Cyrus ordered him to be conducted immediately to his wife's tent.

This unexpected meeting was most affectionate and joyful. When Panthea recounted the kind and respectful attention she had received from Cyrus, Abradatas exclaimed, "What can I do to pay the debt I owe him!" In the warmth of his gratitude, he pressed the hand of Cyrus, and offered to be his friend, his servant,

and his ally, promising to serve him at all times to the utmost of his skill and power. Cyrus treated him like a prince and like a brother.

Preparations were then making for a battle with the Egyptians, and Abradatas caused a chariot to be fitted up magnificently for the occasion.

When the time arrived, and he began to equip himself for the contest, Panthea brought him a golden helmet and arm-pieces, broad bracelets for his wrists, a long purple robe, and a crest dyed of a violet colour; she had taken measure of her husband's armour, and had these things prepared without his knowledge.

Much surprised at the costly gift, he exclaimed, "Have you made these for me by destroying your own ornaments?" "Not my most valuable one," replied Panthea, "for you are my greatest ornament." As she said this, she tried to put on the armour, and the tears flowed down her cheeks in spite of her efforts to conceal them.

Abradatas was a very handsome man, and when he was equipped in his rich armour, he looked extremely noble and beautiful.

As he took the reins, and was about to mount his chariot, Panthea said, "O, Abradatas, if ever there

was a woman who loved her husband better than her own soul, you know that I am such an one. I need not therefore, speak of things in particular; my actions have convinced you more than any words I can now use. Yet I declare, by the love we bear each other, I had rather be buried with you, approving yourself a brave man, than to live with you in disgrace and shame; so much do I think you and myself worthy of the noblest things.

"We owe great obligations to Cyrus. When I was his captive, he did not treat me as a slave, but kept me for you, as if he had been my brother. Besides, when he permitted me to send for you, I promised that you would be a more true and faithful friend than Araspes."

Abradatas, laying his hand gently on her head, and raising his eyes to heaven, said, "Oh, great Jove, grant that I may be a husband worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy of Cyrus!"

When he had mounted the chariot, and the driver had shut the door, Panthea kissed the place where his foot had rested, as he entered, unknown to him, she followed a short distance; when he turned and perceived her, he said, "Take courage, Panthea! Farewell, and be happy; now go to your home."

Though Abradatas and his equipage made a gorgeous appearance, the people could look at nothing but Panthea, so long as she was in sight. Her attendants conducted her to her conveyance, and concealed her by throwing the covering of a tent over her.

Abradatas, inspired by gratitude to Cyrus, and love for Panthea, insisted upon being placed in the foremost danger, where he fought with strength and courage, almost supernatural.

When the long and bloody struggle was over, and Cyrus had given directions concerning the division of the spoils among his victorious army, he said, "Why does not Abradatas appear before me? Have any of you seen him?" One of the servants replied, "My sovereign, he comes not because he is no longer living. He died in the battle, as his chariot broke into the Egyptian ranks. It is said that his wife has taken up the dead body and brought it hither beside her in the carriage; and her servants are digging a grave on a certain eminence by the river Pactolus. Panthea has decked him with all the ornaments she has, and is sitting on the ground, with his head on her knees."

Cyrus smote himself, with an exclamation of deep sorrow. Having given orders to prepare rich ornaments

and sheep, oxen and horses, suitable for the burial of a prince, a friend, and an excellent man, he set off with a thousand horsemen, toward the scene of affliction.

When he came in sight of Panthea, with the dead body reposing on her lap, he could not restrain his tears. "Alas! thou brave and faithful soul; and hast thou gone from us?" said he, affectionately taking the right hand of Abradatas. The hand separated from the wrist; for it had been cut off by the Egyptians. Panthea shrieked piteously; and taking the hand from Cyrus, she kissed it, and endeavoured to fit it to its place. "The rest is in the same condition, Cyrus," said she, "but why should you see it. I know that I was partly the cause of his sufferings. Fool that I was! I exhorted him to behave in such a manner as to gain your notice. He has died without reproach; and I, who urged him on, sit here alive."

Cyrus, for some time wept in silence; at last he said, "Woman, he has died a noble death; for he died victorious. Be assured he shall not want respect and honour in all things. Such sacrifices shall be offered as are proper for a brave man, and a monument shall be raised worthy of him and us. You shall be provided for, and such honours paid to you as your virtues deserve

at my hands. Do but make known to me where you wish to go, and suitable attendance shall be immediately furnished. Panthea expressed her gratitude; adding, "Be assured, Cyrus, I will soon let you know to whom I wish to go."

The generous king went away full of grief that those who had loved each other so well should be thus cruelly separated. When he had gone, Panthea dismissed all the attendants except her nurse, to whom she gave orders that her body, when she was dead, should be wrapped in the same mantle with her husband. The nurse, suspecting her intention, intreated her to change her purpose; and finding her prayers of no avail, she sat down and burst into tears. Panthea plunged a sword into her heart, and laying her head upon her husband's breast, expired. The nurse uttered a shriek of lamentation; and when she saw that all was indeed over, she covered the bodies as she had been directed.

When the three servants discovered what had been done after they were sent away, they likewise killed themselves. Cyrus caused a magnificent monument to be erected, on which the names of Abradatas and Panthea were inscribed in Syriac letters. Below were

three pillars raised in commemoration of the faithful attendants.

The last act of the unfortunate Panthea must not be judged too harshly. She lived before the light of the Gospel had dawned upon the world; and in those stern times, self-sacrifice, under such circumstances, was deemed a sublime virtue.

Without knowing it to be a sin, she rushed from a world where she saw nothing remaining for her but the lingering death of a breaking heart; and we can only hope that her spirit was soon united to him she loved, in a region where ignorance is enlightened, and goodness made perfect.

CALPHURNIA, WIFE OF PLINY THE YOUNGER.

Pliny the younger was born A. D. 113. He had very great reputation as a lawyer, and was particularly renowned for his eloquence. He was Consul during the reign of Trajan, and pronounced a splendid panegyric upon that Emperor before the Roman senate: this fine specimen of his eloquence, and his "Epistles," are all that remain of his writings.

The domestic affection, portrayed in the following letters, blends its soft tints beautifully and harmoniously with the more brilliant colourings of his fame.

They were translated by Lord Orrery, and published in the Biorgrahium Fœmineum.

PLINY TO HISPULLA, THE AUNT OF CALPHURNIA.

"As you are an example of every virtue, and as you tenderly loved your excellent brother, whose daughter (to whom you supplied the place of both parents) you considered as your own, I doubt not but you will rejoice to learn, that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and worthy of her grandfather. She has great talents; she is an admirable economist; and she loves me with an entire affection. To these qualities she unites a taste for literature, inspired by her tenderness for me. She has collected my works, which she reads perpetually, and even learns to repeat. When I am to plead, how great is the anxiety she suffers! When I have succeeded, her joy is not less exquisite. She engages people to tell her what applauses I have gained, what acclamations I have excited, and what judgment is pronounced on my orations. When I am to speak in public she places

herself as near to me as possible, under the cover of her veil, and listens with delight to the praises bestowed upon me. She sings my verses, and, untaught, adapts them to the lute; *love* is her only instructor.

"Hence I expect with certainty that our happiness will be durable, and that it will daily increase. In me she is not captivated by youth or beauty, which are liable to accident and decay, but with the lustre of my name. These are the sentiments which become a woman formed by your hand, and instructed by your precepts. Under your roof, she beheld only purity and virtue; it was your approbation that taught her to love me. Your filial affection for my mother led you in my childhood to praise and model me, to presage that I should one day be the man my wife now fancies me to be. We, therefore, mutually return you thanks: I, because you have given her to me; she, because you have given me to her. You have selected us as formed for each. Farewell."

PLINY TO CALPHURNIA.

"My eager desire to see you is incredible. *Love* is its first spring; the next, that we have been so seldom separated. I pass the greater part of the night in thinking of you. In the day, also, at those hours in which I

have been accustomed to see you, my feet carry me spontaneously to your apartment, whence I constantly return out of humour and dejected, as if you had refused to admit me. There is one part of the day only that affords relief to my disquiet; the time dedicated to pleading the causes of my friends. Judge what a life mine must be, when labour is my rest, and when cares and perplexities are my only comforts. Adieu."

LUTHER'S WIFE.

In 1523, nine nuns escaped from the Convent of Nimptschen, near Grimma. This event, of course, produced a great excitement; even the princes who were favourable to the reformed religion did not dare to protect the fugitives openly.

But Luther, as usual, scorned to proceed with caution. He wrote and spoke boldly in defence of the nuns, and praised those who had assisted them to escape. He even went so far as to throw off the monastic habit, which he had continued to wear until that time. Among the nuns was Catherine de Bora, a handsome woman, of highly respectable family, who became the object of a very strong and enduring

attachment on the part of Luther. Some lingering prejudices concerning the propriety of marriage between a monk and a nun induced him to repress his feelings for a time. But finding nothing in Scripture to support his scruples, and being strongly urged to it by his revered parents, he suddenly resolved to marry. He was united to Catherine de Bora in 1525; the bridegroom was forty-two years old, and the bride twenty-six. Considering the state of public opinion at that period, the power and rage of his enemies, and his own want of fortune, it was certainly a very bold step; but it was one which he never repented. The advocates of the Romish church took this occasion to pour forth a fresh torrent of abuse. Some affirmed that he was insane; others that he was possessed by an evil spirit; and many loaded both him and his wife with epithets which it would pollute these pages to quote. The storm raged with such fury, that even the courageous Luther was a little disheartened at first. He says, "My marriage has made me so despicable, that I hope my humiliation will rejoice the angels and vex the devils."

Luther had no taste for luxury and parade; his manner of living was simple in the extreme. When

advised to lay up something for his children, he replied, "That will I not do; for else will they not rely on God and their hands, but on their gold."

In all respects Luther's wishes were a law to his wife; and he, on his part, seems to have mingled no small degree of respect with his affection for her. We are not informed whether she was a woman of strong intellect; but it is to be supposed that she was sensible, as well as affectionate, else such a man as Luther would not have delighted so much in her company. A learned English gentleman, who often dined with them, spoke German imperfectly. "I will give you my wife for a schoolmistress," said the reformer; "she shall teach you to speak Dutch purely and readily; for she is very eloquent, and so perfect therein, that she far surpasseth me."

In a letter to Stifelius, he says, "My rib, Kate, salutes you, and thanks you for the favour of your kind letter. She is very well, through God's mercy; and is obedient and complying with me in all things, and more agreeable, I thank God, than I could have expected; so that I would not change my poverty for the wealth of Crœsus."

He often said he would not exchange his wife for the

kingdom of France, or the riches of Venice; and that for three good reasons. 1. Because she was given to him at the time whem he implored the assistance of God in finding a good wife; 2. Because, though she was not faultless, she had fewer faults than any other woman; 3. Because she had been very faithful in her affection to him.

Luther's constitution was enfeebled by frequent illness and severe pain. In January, 1546, he thus addresses a friend: "I write to you though old, decrepit, inactive, languid, and now possessed of only one eye. When drawing to the brink of the grave, I had hopes of obtaining a reasonable share of rest; but I continue to be overpowered with writing, preaching, and business, in the same manner as if I had not discharged my part in these duties in the early period of life."

Yet six days after writing this, he had energy enough to undertake a journey to Eisleben, his native place, in order to decide a dispute concerning the brass and silver mines in that place. He was accompanied by his three sons, and the Counts of Mansfield came with a hundred horsemen to meet him.

This journey was his last. He died at Eisleben after a brief illness. In his will he spoke of his wife with

great tenderness; praising her integrity, modesty and fidelity—and testifying that she had truly loved him and faithfully served him. To her he left what little property he possessed. His body was carried to Wittemberg, and an oration pronounced by his dearly beloved friend, Melancthon. The funeral was conducted with pomp better suited to his great reputation than to his own simple habits while living. Princes, nobles, professors, students, and an immense concourse of people followed him to the grave.

The year after his death, when the troops of Charles the Fifth quartered in Wittemberg, a soldier gave Luther's effigy two stabs with his dagger; and the Spaniards were very desirous of having the monument of the heretic demolished, and his bones burned. The emperor nobly replied, "Luther is now subject to another Judge, whose jurisdiction it is not for me to usurp. I war not with the dead."

MRS. HUTCHINSON.

After the death of Cromwell, Colonel Hutchinson was again elected member of Parliament. The people, finding a military tyrant no better than an hereditary

one, were then becoming zealous for the restoration of the Royal family; and of course those who voted for the death of the late king were placed in a condition of some peril. Colonel Hutchinson met the emergency of the times with a more firm and manly spirit than most of his associates. When the subject was debated in the house, he said, "That for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, not the malice of his heart; that he had ever preferred the general advantage of his country to his own; and if the sacrifice of him could conduce to the public peace and settlement he freely submitted his life and fortunes to their disposal: that the great debts he had incurred in public employments proved that avarice had not urged him on, and gave him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience."

In order to quiet the anxiety of Mrs. Hutchinson, he assured her that no one would lose or suffer by the expected change of government. But this assurance failed to tranquillize her fears. She said she could not live to see him a prisoner. She persuaded him to leave

his own house for a place where he could more readily make his escape. His friends advised him to give himself up, thinking he might by that means save his estates; but she declared herself ready to endure poverty in its worst forms, rather than trust him to the generosity of his political enemies; and she urged this point with such earnest entreaty, that he promised to do nothing without her consent. For the first and only time in her life, she ventured to disobey him; she wrote a letter in his name to the speaker of the house. The letter was favourably received; this encouraged his friends, who were present, and they spoke so kindly and effectually in his favour, that his punishment was limited to a discharge from parliament, and from all offices civil and military for ever.

After this decision, he returned to Owthorpe, where he spent nearly a year in the enjoyment of his quiet and tasteful pursuits.

But Charles the Second was not disposed to trust the loyalty of those who had beheaded his father. Colonel Hutchinson was at last seized, upon suspicion of being concerned in a treasonable plot, and was conveyed by an armed guard to London. His wife, with their oldest son and daughter, accompanied him. "Mrs.

Hutchinson was exceedingly sad, but he encouraged and kindly chid her out of it, and told her it would blemish his innocence for her to appear afflicted; that if she had but patience to wait the event, she would see it was all for the best, and bade her be thankful that she was permitted to accompany him; and with divers excellent exhortations cheered her, who could not be wholly abandoned to sorrow while he was with her."

The prisoner was committed to the Tower, and treated with great harshness. The chamber he occupied is said to have been the same where Edward the Fifth and his little brother were murdered by the command of Richard. The room leading to it was large and dark, without windows, where the portcullis of one of the inward gates was drawn up and let down, and under which a guard was placed every night. There was a tradition that the Duke of Clarence was here drowned in a butt of malmsey. This part of the building was called the Bloody Tower. The door by which these two rooms communicated with each other was not allowed to stand open during the night, although Colonel Hutchinson and his servant were suffering under a very painful disease, occasioned by bad diet, and a comfortless residence.

For several weeks his wife was not permitted to visit him; but she would not rest until her earnest prayers, aided by the powerful intercession of her brother, were granted. It was her wish to take lodgings in the Tower; but this was refused. She was obliged, in the depth of winter, to walk from her residence every day to dinner, and back again at night.

This was a forlorn kind of existence; but the Colonel endured it with perfect content and cheerfulness. "When no other recreations were left him, he diverted himself with sorting and shading the shells, which his wife and daughter gathered for him; with these he was much pleased as with the richest engraved agates and onyxes, wherein he had formerly great delight, when he recreated himself from more serious studies. His fancy showed itself so excellent in arranging and dressing these shells, that none of us could imitate it, and the cockles began to be admired by several persons that saw them. These were but his trifling diversions; his business and continual study was the Scripture, which the more he conversed in the more it delighted him; insomuch that his wife having brought some books to entertain him in his solitude, he thanked her. and told her that if he should continue in

prison as long as he lived, he would read nothing but the Bible. His wife bore all her own toils joyfully for the love of him, but could not be otherwise than very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings. He would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it; and tell her if she were but cheerful, he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befell him. He would also bid her rejoice that the Lord supported him; and remind her how much more intolerable it would have been if the Lord had allowed his spirits to sink, or his patience to fail under this. One day when she was weeping, after he had said many things to comfort her, he gave her reasons why she should be assured that the cause would revive, because the interest of God was so much involved in it. She said, "I do not doubt the cause will revive; but notwithstanding your fortitude, I know this will conquer the weakness of your constitution, and you will die in prison." He replied, "I think I shall not; but if I do, my blood will be so innocent, that I shall advance the cause more by my death than I could by all the actions of my life."

Although no formal accusation was ever brought against Colonel Hutchinson, and no evidence specified as the ground of his detention, he was imprisoned in the

Tower ten months. His energetic and affectionate wife laboured without ceasing for his deliverance; and his oppressors often found themselves embarrassed and confounded by her eloquent arguments. But the most urgent solicitations, aided by all the powerful intercession she could procure, were of no avail.

He was suddenly removed from the Tower to Sandown Castle, in Kent, where he was confined in a very damp unwholesome apartment, with another prisoner of the most vulgar and brutal manners. Even this he endured with meekness and magnanimity, conversing with his wife and daughter "with as pleasant and contented a spirit as ever in his whole life." When she told him she feared they had placed him on the seashore in order to transport him to Tangier, he answered, "and if they should, there is the same God at Tangier as at Owthorpe. Prithee, trust me with God; if he carry me away, he will bring me back again."

The damp apartment in which Colonel Hutchinson was confined brought on illness; but the sufferings of the body, as well as the mind, he endured with the same strong humility. His wife watched over him with the most devoted, self-forgetting love. Sir Allen Apsley, at last, obtained permission for him to walk on the beach

a certain time every day; but this indulgence came too late to renovate his strength.

Toward the close of the year, Mrs. Hutchinson was obliged to go to Owthorpe, to bring away the children she had left there, and to obtain necessary supplies for her husband. She left with a very sad heart, dreading that while he lay so ready on the sea coast, he might be shipped away to some barbarous place during her absence. He comforted her all he could, and the morning she went away, he said, "Now I myself begin to be loath to part." Yet he encouraged her with his usual cheerfulness, and sent his son along with her. At the time of her departure he seemed very well and was so confident of seeing Owthorpe again, that he gave her directions concerning planting trees, and many other things belonging to the house and gardens. A few days after he returned from his walk on the sea-beach with his daughter, and complained of a shivering and pain in his bones. So long as he was able to sit up, he read much in the Bible; and on looking over some notes on the Epistle to the Romans, he said, "When my wife returns, I will no more observe their cross humors; but when her children are all near, I will have her in the chamber with me, and they shall not pluck

her out of my arms. During the winter evenings she shall collect together the observations I have made on this Epistle since I have been in prison."

As he grew worse, the doctor feared delirium, and advised his brother and daughter not to defer anything they wished to say to him. Being informed of his condition, he replied with much composure, "The will of the Lord be done; I am ready." He then gave directions concerning the disposal of his fortune, and left strict injunctions that his children should be guided in all things by their mother; "And tell her," said he, "that as she is above other women, so must she on this occasion show herself a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary minds."

While he was speaking to them, his pulse grew very low; yet he said to the physician, "I would fain know your reason for thinking I am dying. My head is well; my heart is well; I have no pain or sickness anywhere." The doctor much amazed, answered that he should be glad to find himself deceived. Soon after his mouth became convulsed, and he spoke no more; except when some one in the room mentioned his wife, he said, "Alas, how she will be grieved!" Then, with a sigh, his spirit departed, leaving his countenance as calm and happy as

it had looked in the pleasantest moments of his life.

He died on the 11th of September, 1664, in the forty-ninth year of his age, after eleven months of severe imprisonment. The body, according to his request, was buried at Owthorpe. As the funeral procession moved on the people were much affected, considering him the victim of injustice and oppression. In one town only were any insults offered by the political enemies of the deceased.

Four sons and four daughters survived him; and for their edification Mrs. Hutchinson wrote the memoir of her husband, which has since been published by their descendants. The book might with propriety be called the History of Her Own Times; for it is in fact a very philosophical view of the state of parties in England at that period, and of the causes which produced them. In her brief sketches of public men she evinces singular discrimination and clearness of mind; and considering how dearly her best affections were united with the interests of one party, her candour and impartiality are remarkable; but so large a portion of the work is occupied with details of the petty feuds and factions of the day, that, as a whole, it can be interesting to but few, even of English readers.

Her husband is always mentioned with romantic tenderness and deep sensibility. She evidently loved him with her whole soul; and when he was gone, she was a widow indeed.

An address to her children forms an introduction to the Memior; in which she thus writes: "I who am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and, if it were possible, to augment my love, can find out none more just to your dear father, or more consoling to myself, than the preservation of his memory; which I need not gild with such flattering commendations as the hired preachers equally give to the truly and the nominally honorable; an undrest narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory, than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best men. To number his virtues is to give the epitome of his life, which was nothing else but a progress from one degree of virtue to another. His example was more instructive than the best rules of the moralists; for his practice was of a more divine extraction, drawn from the Word of God, and wrought up by the assistance of his spirit. He had a noble method of government,

whether in civil, military, or domestic administrations, which forced love and reverence even from unwilling subjects, and greatly endeared him to the souls of those who rejoiced to be governed by him. He had a native majesty that struck awe into the hearts of men, and a sweet greatness that commanded love. He was naturally attached to the military employment, for he understood it well, and it suited the activity of his temper. Never was a man more loved or reverenced by those that were under him. He was very liberal to them, but ever chose just times and occasions to exercise it. I cannot say whether he were more truly magnanimous, or less proud. He never disdained the meanest person, or flattered the greatest. Wherever he saw wisdom, learning, or other virtues in man, he honoured them highly; but he never blindly gave himself up to the conduct of any master. He had a sweet courtesy toward the poor, and often employed many spare hours with the common soldiers and labourers, but so ordered his familiarity that it never decreased respect. He took pleasure in wit and mirth, but that which was mixed with impurity he never could endure. Of all falsehood he most hated hypocrisy in religion; either to comply with changing governments or persons, without a real persuasion of conscience, or

to practise holy things for the sake of interest, or the applause of men. He never professed friendship where he had it not, or disguised aversion, or hatred, which indeed he never had towards any party, or person, but only at their sins. At the same time that he conquered an enemy, he cast away all ill-will, and entertained only thoughts of compassion and love. He that was a rock to all assaults of might and violence, was the gentlest easy soul to kindness, that the least warm spark of that melted him into anything that was not sinful. He was as dutiful a son, as dear a brother, as affectionate a father, as good a master, and as faithful a friend as the world ever had; yet in all these relations he had no indulgence for vice or folly pertinaciously pursued; but the more dear any person was to him, the more he was offended at anything that might diminish the lustre of their glory.

"His affection for his wife was such, that whoever would form rules of kindness, honour, and religion, to be practised in that state, need no more, but exactly draw out his example. Man never had a greater passion or a more honourable esteem for woman; yet he was not uxurious, and never remitted that just rule which it was her honour to obey; but he managed the reins

of government with such prudence and affection, that she who would not delight in such honourable and advantageous subjection, must have wanted a reasonable soul. He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but in things profitable to herself. He loved her soul better than her countenance; yet even for her person he had a constant affection, exceeding the common temporary passion of fond fools. If he esteemed her at a higher rate than she deserved, he was himself the author of the virtue he doated on; for she was but a faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though dimly, his own glories upon him. The greatest excellence she had was the power of apprehending; and the virtue of loving, his. All she had was derived from him—a likeness that followed him everywhere, till he was taken to the regions of light, and now she is but at best his pale shade. So liberal was he to her, and of so generous a temper, that he hated the mention of severed purses. His estate was so much at her disposal that he never would receive an account of anything she expended. When she ceased to be young and lovely, he showed her the most tenderness. He loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express; yet even this, which was the highest love any man could have was bounded by

a superior feeling; he regarded her not as his idol, but as his fellow-creature in the Lord, and proved that such an affection far exceeds all the irregular passions in the world.

"The heat of his youth inclined him to anger, and the goodness of his nature made him prone to love and grief; but his soul ever reigned king upon the internal throne, and was never taken captive by his senses; religion and reason, its two favoured counsellors, took order that all the passions kept within just bounds, there did him good, and furthered the public weal."

The debts Colonel Hutchinson had incurred in the public service left his excellent widow in very straitened circumstances. The estate at Owthorpe was sold to a younger branch of her husband's family, who happened to be in favour with the triumphant royalists. Mrs. Hutchinson lived to see some of her children married, and survived two of them. The precise period of her death is not mentioned. One of their descendants emigrated to America. I do not know whether any of his posterity now survive in this country. The family of Apsley merged in the noble family of Bathurst, who retain the name of Apsley as their second title.

Mrs. Hutchinson was possessed of talent and learning that would have given her a high reputation in any age, and which were very extraordinary in a lady of that period; yet she performed all the duties of a woman in a most exemplary manner. The Edinburgh Review pays the following tribute to her memory: "Education is certainly far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old by a purer and more exalted standard; and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to disadvantage by the side of Mrs. Hutchinson. There is something in the domestic virtue and calm commanding mind of this English matron, that makes the Corinnes and Heloises appear very insignificant. We may safely venture to assert that a nation which produces many such wives and mothers as Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, must be both great and happy."

MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

This lady was the daughter of Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork, who was born a private gentleman, and the younger brother of a younger brother, and to no other heritage than what is expressed in the words, "*God's providence is my inheritance*," which motto he inscribed on the magnificent buildings he erected, and, indeed, ordered to be placed on his tomb. By that providence succeeding his unremitting and wise industry, he raised himself to such honour and estate, and left behind him such a dignified family as has very rarely, if ever, before been known; and all this with such an unspotted reputation for integrity, as that the most envious scrutiny could discover no blemish in it, and that only shone the brighter by the malignant attempts made to obscure and debase it.

The mother of our lady was Catherine, only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, principal secretary of state in Ireland. She was married to Mr. Boyle, July 25, 1603, and obtained this most honourable testimony from her husband: "I never," says he, "demanded any marriage

portion, neither promise of any, it not being in my consideration; yet, her father, after her marriage, gave me one thousand pounds in gold with her. But that gift of his daughter unto me I must ever thankfully acknowledge as the crown of all my blessings; for she was a most religious, virtuous, loving, and obedient wife unto me all the days of her life, and the happy mother of all my hopeful children, whom with their posterity I beseech God to bless."

By that excellent lady, the Earl of Cork had fifteen children. The Hon. Robert Boyle, famous as a philosopher, more famous as a Christian, was one of them. Mary, the seventh daughter, and who was married to Charles Rich, Earl of Warwick, is the subject of our memoir. In opening her character to the public view, we shall begin with that which had the first place in her regard, piety towards God. We shall make some observations on her entrance upon it —on her progress in it—on the various exercises of it—and her holy zeal and industry to promote and encourage religion in others.

As to her entrance upon religion, or making it her business in good earnest, though she had received a good education, and had been instructed in the grounds of religion in her youth, yet, she would confess that she

understood nothing of the life and power of godliness upon her heart, and indeed had no spiritual sense of it till some years after she was married. Nay, she declared that she came into the family in which she lived and died with so much honour, with prejudices and strange apprehensions as to matters of religion, and was almost affrighted with the disadvantageous accounts she had received concerning it; but when she came to see the regular performance of Divine worship, and hear the useful edifying preaching of the most necessary, practical, and substantial truths, and observe the order and good government maintained in it, and met with the favour of her right honourable father-in-law, who had always an extraordinary esteem and affection for her, her groundless prepossessions dispersed like mists before the sun, and were succeeded by the most cordial approbation.

Many years before her death she began to keep a diary. She at first wrote her diary every evening; but finding the evening inconvenient from her lord's long illness, which occasioned her many inevitable interruptions at that season, she changed it into the quiet, silent morning, always rising early. In this diary, among other things, she recorded the daily frame of her own

heart towards God, his signal providences to herself, and sometimes to others, the gracious manifestations of God to her soul, answers of prayer, temptations resisted, or whatever might be useful for caution or encouragement or afford her matter of thankfulness or humiliation.

She used to style prayer *heart's-ease*, as she often experienced it. On the very day before she died she shut up herself above an hour, which she spent in fervent private prayer, notwithstanding her indisposition. Indeed, prayer was the very element in which she lived, and actually died: the vital breath of her soul, that wafted it immediately to heaven.

She kept a book of such wise and weighty sayings—greatly valuing sentences which contained much use and worth in a little compass. The following were a few out of the many:—

"The almost Christian is the unhappiest of men; having religion enough to make the world hate him, and yet not enough to make God love him.

"The servants of God should be as bold for their master as the servants of the devil are for theirs.

"O Lord, what I give thee doth not please thee, unless I give thee myself. So, what thou givest me shall not satisfy me, unless thou give me thyself.

"O Lord, who givest grace to the humble, give me grace to be humbled.

"He loves God too little who loves any thing with him which he loves not for him.

"So speak to God as though men heard thee; so speak to men, as knowing God hears thee.

"We should meditate on Christ's cross till we are fastened as close to him as he was to the cross.

"By how much the more vile Christ made himself for us, by so much the more precious should he be to us.

"He who takes up Christ's cross aright, shall find it such a burden as wings to a bird or sails to a ship.

"It is a great honour to be almoner to the King of heaven. To give is the greatest luxury. How indulgent, then, is God to annex future rewards to what is so much its own recompense!

"To be libelled for Christ is the best panegyric.

"Where affliction is heavy, sin is light.

"Sin brought death into the world, and nothing but death will carry sin out of it

"The best shield against slanderers, is to live so that none may believe them.

"He who revenges an injury, acts the part of an

executioner; he who pardons it, acts the part of a prince.

"Why are we so fond of that life that begins with a cry, and ends with a groan?"

As a wife, it may be truly said, that the heart of her husband safely trusted in her; and that she did him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. Never was woman more truly a crown or ornament to a man. She always lived under the sense of the covenant of God which was between them, upon her heart. She was an equal mixture of affectionate obedience and obediential affection. She covered and concealed his infirmities, deeply sympathized in his long indispositions, attended and relieved him with the greatest tenderness, and, above all, loved his soul, and would both counsel him with a prudent zeal, and pray for him with the strongest ardour and fervency. And he was not wanting in her just praises. When the torrents of his sorrow were highest for the death of his only son, he made it the deepest accent of his grief, "that it would kill his wife," which he said, "was more to him than an hundred sons." But actions speak louder than words: he gave her his whole estate, as an honourable testimony of his grateful esteem of her merits towards him, and left her sole executrix;

which trust, though it cost her almost unspeakable labour and difficulties, she discharged with such indefatigable pains, such conscientious exactness, and amazing prudence, that as she failed not of one tittle of his will till all was executed, so she never gave or left occasion for the least complaining from any interested person, but rendered all more than silent, satisfied; more than satisfied, applauding and admiring her prudent and honourable management of that great affair: an event which she owned to God with much thankfulness, as no small mercy and blessing to her. As for that noble estate which was to descend to others after her, she would not have wronged it in the least, to have gained the disposal of the whole; and therefore was at vast expenses in repairs both of the mansion and the farms, though she herself had them only for a term. It may be also truly said concerning her, that though none were more ready to recede from their own right terminating in personal interests, yet, that she was very strict and tenacious in whatever might concern her successors, usually saying, "that whatever she lost herself, she would never give occasion for them who came after her to say that she had hurt their estates, or wronged her trust, or them."

When she came to the possession of the very large estate her lord bequeathed her for life, she in good measure realized what a great person was reported to say, "that the Earl of Warwick had given all his estate to pious uses;" intending that, by giving it to his Countess, it would be converted to these purposes. All the satisfaction, as she declared, that she took in such large possessions being put into her hands, was the opportunity they afforded her of doing good; and she averred that she would not accept of, or be encumbered with, the greatest estate in England, if it should be offered her, were it clogged with this condition, that she was not to do good to others with it.

Such was the amiable and exemplary life of the Countess of Warwick.

LADY RACHAEL RUSSELL.

LADY Rachael Wriothesley was born about the year 1636, and was the daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

It is an event which can never be forgotten, that the husband of this lady, William Lord Russell, was beheaded

July 21, 1683. How worthy a man he was, how true a friend to the liberties of his country, how undeserving of his bitter treatment, and with what an invincible fortitude he met his cruel doom, the Introduction to the Letters of Lady Rachael Russell, his widow, particularly shows; and to that we refer our readers. As our concern is only with his relict, we shall turn our thoughts entirely to her.

We are not furnished with any considerable materials for our memoirs of her before the dismal period of her illustrious husband's sufferings. At this juncture, she conducted herself with a mixture of the most tender affection and the most surprising magnanimity. She appeared in court at the trial of her husband; and when the Attorney-General told him, "he might use the hands of one of his servants in waiting to take notes of the evidence for his use;" Lord Russell answered, "that he asked none, but that of the lady that sat by him." The spectators at these words turning their eyes, and beholding the daughter of the virtuous Southampton rising up to assist her lord in this his utmost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. After his condemnation, she threw herself at the King's feet and pleaded, but, alas! in vain, with his majesty, the

merits and loyalty of her father, in order to save her husband. And without a sigh or a tear, she took her last farewell of him; when it might have been expected, as they were so perfectly happy in each other, and no wife could possibly surpass her in affection to a husband, that the torrent of her distress would have overflowed its banks, and been too mighty for all the powers of reason and religion to have restrained it. Indeed, the affection of Lord Russell and his lady to each other, and their behaviour in the season of their extremity of distress, were very remarkable, and well deserve a particular mention. On the Tuesday before Lord Russell's execution, after dinner, when his lady was gone, he expressed great joy in the magnanimity of spirit he saw in her, and declared, "the parting with her was the greatest thing he had to do; for," he said, "she would be hardly able to bear it; the concern about preserving him filled her mind so now, that it in some measure supported her, but, when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her." On Thursday, while his lady was gone to try to gain a respite till Monday, he said, "He wished she would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation; but when

he considered, that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow that she left nothing undone that could have given any probable hope, he acquiesced." Indeed, his heart was never seen so near failing him as when he spake of her. Sometimes a tear would be seen in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse. The evening before his death, he suffered his children, who were very young, and some of his friends, to take leave of him; in which interview he preserved his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond parent. He parted with his lady at the same time with a composed silence; and she had such a command of herself, that when she was gone, he said, "the bitterness of death was past," for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression. He ran out into a long discourse concerning her, declaring "how great a blessing she had been to him, and what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving his life." He added, "there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there were birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to himself; but her carriage," said he, "in my

extremity, was beyond all. He was glad that she and his children were to lose nothing by his death; and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes." As to Lady Russell, she bore the shock of his death with the same magnanimity she had shown at her lord's trial. When, in open court, attending at her lord's side, she was taking notes, and making observations of all that passed on his behalf, and when prostrate at the King's feet, and pleading with his majesty in remembrance of of her deceased father's services, in order to save her husband, she was a spectacle of the most lively compassion; but now, when without sigh or tear, she took her last farewell of him, she was an object of admiration.

After this most distressing event, the death of her lord upon the scaffold, this excellent lady, though encompassed round with the darkest clouds of affliction, seemed to be absorbed in a religious concern to behave herself aright towards her God under his mighty hand, and to fulfil the duties now devolved upon herself alone, in the care, education, disposal, and happiness of her children; those living remains of her lord, and

which had been so dear to him, and were for his sake, as well as her own, so dear to herself.

In an unfinished paper, the writing of which is stated to denote the trembling hand of extreme old age, Lady Russell, in reviewing her life for a devotional purpose, thus adverts to her irreparable bereavement, and to the subsequent loss of this cherished son:—

"Vanity cleaves to me, I fear, O Lord! in all I say, in all I do. In all I suffer, proud, not enduring to slights or neglects, subject to envy the good parts of others, even as to worldly gifts. Failing in my duty to my superiors; apt to be soon angry with, and without cause, too often; and by it may have grieved those that desired to please me, or provoked others to sin by my rash anger. Not ready to own any advantage I may have received by good advice or example. Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I expected, even from my superiors. Such has been the pride of my naughty heart, I fear, and also neglect in my performances due to my superiors, children, friends, or servants—I heartily lament my sin. But, alas! in my most dear husband's troubles, seeking help from man, but finding none. His life was taken away, and so sorely was my spirit wounded, even without prospect of

future comfort or consolation—the more faulty in me having three dear children to perform my duty to, with thankfulness for such a blessing left me, under so heavy a dispensation as I felt the loss of him to be. But, alas! how feeble did I find myself, both then, and also poorly prepared to bear the loss of my dear child and only son, in 1711.

"If I carry my sorrow to the grave, O Lord, in much mercy let it not be imputed as sin in me! His death was a piercing sorrow to me, yet thou hast supported me, Lord! even in a very old age, and freer from bodily pains and sickness than most feel—I desire thankfully to recollect."

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, a gentlewoman not more admired for her fine writings, than esteemed and loved by all her acquaintance for the many amiable qualities of her heart, was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, September 11, 1674, being the eldest of three daughters of Mr. Walter Singer, a gentleman of a good family, and Mrs. Elizabeth Portnell, both of them persons of distinguished merit and piety.

In the year 1710, she was married to Mr. Thomas Rowe, son of the Rev. Benoni Rowe, a nonconformist minister of a reputable family. This young gentleman (for he was but about three-and-twenty when he married) was possessed of a very fine understanding, had largely enriched his mind with learning, and was remarkably devoted to knowledge and improvement. Mr. Rowe well knew how to value the treasure which Providence had given him, in a woman of such exalted merit and amiable qualities, and accordingly made it his study to repay the felicity with which she crowned his life. The esteem and tenderness he had for her are inexpressible. It was some considerable time after his marriage, that he wrote to her a very tender ode under the name of Delia, full of the warmest sentiments of connubial friendship and affection; in which the following lines may appear remarkable, as it pleased Heaven to dispose events in a manner so agreeable to the wishes Mr. Rowe expresses in them.

Long may thy inspiring page,
And great example bless the rising age!
Long in thy charming prison may'st thou stay,
Late, very late, ascend the well-known way,
And add new glories to the realms of day!
At least Heav'n will not sure this pray'r deny:

Short be my life's uncertain date,
And earlier far than thine the destin'd hour of fate!
Whene'er it comes, may'st thou be by,
Support my sinking frame, and teach me how to die,
Banish desponding nature's gloom,
Make me to hope a gentle doom,
And fix me all on joys to come!
With swimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms;
And clasp thee, dying, in my fainting arms:
Then gently leaning on thy breast,
Sink in soft slumbers to eternal rest;
Without a groan resign my breath,
Nor shrink at the cold arms of death,
The ghastly form shall have a pleasing air
And all things smile, while Heav'n and Thou art there.

Mr. Rowe had not a constitution naturally robust, so that his intense application to study might perhaps contribute to that ill state of health which allayed the happiness of his marriage state, during the greater part of it. In the latter end of the year 1714, his weakness increased, and he appeared to labour under all the symptoms of a consumption. This fatal distemper, after it had confined him some months, cut off the fair hopes of his doing great honour and service to his country, and put a period to his life, May 13, 1715

when he was but just past the twenty-eighth year of his age. He died at Hampstead, near London, where he had for some time resided for the benefit of the air, and was buried in the vault belonging to his family in the cemetery, in Bunhill Fields, where on his tomb are only written his name and the dates of his birth and death. But an inscription of greater pomp is rendered unnecessary, by the honour which Mrs. Rowe paid to his memory in the elegy she wrote on his death.

Mrs. Rowe continued to the last moments of her life to express the highest veneration and affection to the memory of her husband, and showed a particular regard and esteem for his relations, several of whom she honoured with a long and most intimate friendship. But a short time before her death, she discovered how incapable she was of forgetting him by shedding fresh tears on occasion of the mention of his name; so that the lines she wrote on the anniversary return of the day on which Mr. Rowe died, might in some degree express the habitual uninterrupted sorrow she felt every day of her life for the loss of her companion who had been so dear and delightful to her. The lines are as follows:—

Unhappy day! with what a dismal light
Dost thou appear to my afflicted sight!

In vain the cheerful spring returns with thee;
There is no future cheerful spring for me.

While my Alexis withers in the tomb,
Untimely cropt, nor sees a second bloom,
The fairest season of the changing year
A wild and wintry aspect seems to wear.
The flowers no more their former beauty boast;
Their painted hue and fragrant scents are lost;
The joyous birds their harmony prolong;
But oh! I find no music in their song.

Ye mossy caves, ye groves, and silver streams,
The muse's loved retreats, and gentle themes,
Ye verdant fields, no more your landscapes please,
Nor give my soul one interval of ease;
Tranquillity and pleasure fly your shades,
And restless care your solitude invades.
Nor the still evening, nor the rosy dawn,
Nor moonlight glimm'ring o'er the dewy lawn,
Nor stars, nor sun, my gloomy fancy cheer,
But heaven and earth a dismal prospect wear.
That hour that snatch'd Alexis from my arms,
Rent from the face of nature all its charms!

Unhappy day, be sacred still to grief;
A grief too obstinate for all relief!

On thee my face shall never wear a smile;
No joy on thee shall e'er my heart beguile.
Why dost thy light again my eyes molest?
Why am I not with thee, dear youth, at rest?
When shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead?

MRS. LAVATER.

The celebrated John G. Lavater was pastor of St. Peter's Church, in Zurich, Switzerland. He published several volumes on religious subjects, and a great many sermons. He had a remarkable facility in writing poetry; his verses were harmonious, unaffected, and often vigorous. But his chief claim to distinction was his famous essay on Physiognomy, which has been translated into almost all languages. Lavater was a most amiable and pleasing enthusiast. He combined uncommon penetration with a simplicity of character, that amounted almost to childlike credulity; and the overflowing kindness of his disposition made him universally beloved. He was born in 1741 and died in 1801, in consequence of a wound from a French soldier,

at the taking of Zurich. His private journal will best describe his domestic happiness.

"*January 2nd.* My wife asked me, during dinner, what sentiment I had chosen for the present day. I answered, henceforth, my dear, we will pray and read together in the morning, and choose a common sentiment for the day. The sentiment I have chosen for this day is: 'Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.' Pray, how is this to be understood?' said she. I replied, 'Literally.' 'That is very strange, indeed!' answered she. I said, with some warmth, 'We at least must take it so, my dear; as we would do, if we had heard Jesus Christ himself pronounce the words, "Give to him that asketh of thee," says he, whose property all my possessions are. I am the steward and not the proprietor of my fortune.' My wife, merely replied, that she would take it into consideration.

November, 1772. "My dear wife is still very ill; she is however a lamb in patience and goodness; full of tranquillity of mind, and without self-will, reposing in the lap of heavenly love."

January, 1773. "I awoke a little before seven o'clock, and addressed myself to the paternal goodness

of God. I heard the voice of my dear wife, went to her, and we blessed each other with the tenderest, sweetest, and most innocent affection, discoursing on the fate which, almost to certainty, will befall us the present year."

January 12th. "I spoke with my wife of our children. I said, 'I have a presentiment that they will not grow old, though they are in general very healthy.' It gave me great satisfaction to hear her reply, with much resignation, 'The will of the Lord be done. Thank God! they have not been created in vain. They are our children, and the children of their heavenly Father, whether they live or die.'"

June 3rd. "My wife waked me, saying, 'It is seven years to-day since we were married.' I told her it should be celebrated by a little festival for the children.

"Some things that detained me in the morning, tempted me to grow impatient, because I wanted to have a little pleasure with my family. At length I was at liberty to do so. We went to the apartment where my wife and I had first knelt together in prayer; we recalled to memory all the particulars of our wedding-day, running over the seven years which, notwithstanding

all our trials, we had spent so happily. We related to our boy how we had been united, and he listened with much interest, which filled our hearts with pleasure. We gathered all the flowers we could find, strewing some of them on the lap of Nannette, whom I pushed forward in her little carriage, while Henry, whose hair I adorned with the rest, was drawing the vehicle. Their precious mother looked on with pleasure. I ordered Henry to be dressed in his Sunday garments, and read to him a little song, which, notwithstanding I had composed it in a great hurry, drew a pearly tear of joy from his mother's eyes. I left the happy circle with reluctance."

MRS. FLETCHER.

Her path was one of peculiar trials. Her lonely situation, her pecuniary embarrassments, her unruly and expensive family, ingratitude and reproach where she had reason to expect consolation and assistance, all conspired to depress her mind and enfeeble her health. It may be said that she brought these afflictions on herself by taking an unnecessary burden; but I think the good cannot refuse a tribute of respect to

intentions so pure, and efforts so benevolent. In the midst of her perplexities, a gentleman, whose fortune exceeded her own, wished very much to marry her, and strongly urged the necessity of her having some friend to arrange her worldly business. She deeply felt the want of such a friend; and to one of her simple habits his fortune was amply sufficient in case of a total loss of her own; but her affections were with Mr. Fletcher,—and, unlike many ladies, it seemed to her a sin to make a solemn promise of love to a man she did not love, and of honour to a man she could not honour. If all were as conscientious as Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, the world would again become an Eden, where mortals might walk with angels, and the voice of God be heard in the garden.

Domestic love is the only rose we have left of paradise. Alas! that worldly prudence should scornfully cast it away, keeping only the thorn, as a memento that the lovely blossom *can* exist in a sinful world.

The pair that so patiently trusted in providence were led into the paths of happiness and peace. After an absence of fifteen years, Mr. Fletcher returned to England and immediately wrote to Miss Bosanquet that during twenty-five years he had entertained a regard

for her, which was still as sincere as ever; and if it appeared odd that he should write on such a subject when he had just returned from abroad, and especially without first seeing her, he could only say that his mind was so strongly drawn to do it, that he believed it to be the order of providence.

This letter struck her as very remarkable; for she had, with the most scrupulous delicacy, refrained from all communication with him; and fearing it was wrong to employ her thoughts so much about him, she had prayed to the Lord to give her some indication that he was the man on whom she ought to fix her affections; and the token she asked was, that he should write to her as soon as he returned, and before he had seen her.

In whatever light this circumstance may be viewed, it proves the tenderness of her conscience, and the beautiful simplicity of her faith.

The necessity of arranging her worldly business, before she removed to the distant residence of her husband, occasioned a few months' delay, during which time she received visits from Mr. Fletcher, and corresponded with perfect frankness concerning her temporal and eternal concerns. By the sale of real estate, and the kind assistance of her brothers, she was nearly

extricated from debt, and had a moderate income left at her disposal, by means of which the remainder of her debts was gradually paid.

But increase of years had not taught this amiable couple any respect for the maxims of human policy; they had grown old in the world, but not in the world's ways: it was their mutual wish to appropriate a portion of her income to the support of those orphans and invalids, who had hitherto found a home with her. This benevolent arrangement being made, they solemnly covenanted, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, to become one for ever.

The marriage took place in November, 1781; Mr. Fletcher was fifty-two years old, and she was ten years younger. Throughout their married life, they were inspired with a unity of purpose, and a perfect sympathy of heart; so that it seemed as if their souls had actually mingled into one. She was his partner by the fireside, his companion in regeneration, and his assistant in parochial duties; she even shared in his paternal exhortations to his flock.

The habit of public speaking among women was not generally approved among the Methodists; and she herself was very diffident on the subject. She tells

'us that none but her Heavenly Father knew how much she suffered when preparing for such occasions. The practice originated in conversations with her assembled family of orphans and invalids, to which a few neighbours were sometimes added. By degrees the zeal of others, and a desire to impart her religious enjoyment, led her to enlarge her sphere of action; and when she wrote to ask Mr. Wesley whether he considered it an unnecessary departure from the proper vocation of her sex, his answer implied that he generally disapproved of the practice, but he thought *her* justified in continuing it, because she was the means of doing great good. Mr. Fletcher was of the same opinion; and whether he erred or not, she certainly was right in obeying her husband's wishes.

Her greatest anxiety, at the time of her marriage, seems to have been that she should not rightly perform her duties in a new place, and among a people who were strangers to her. When she spoke of this to Mr. Fletcher, he replied, "Do not encumber yourself on my account. If we must be thought ignorant and awkward, let us be willing to submit to it; I require nothing of thee, my dear Polly, but to be more and more devoted to God."

The testimony of her journal proves that there was no hypocrisy in this assertion. About a year after their marriage, she writes: "A twelvemonth ago I saw nothing before me, temporally, but ruin; but now my cup of blessing runs over, above all I could hope or wish for. I have the kindest and tenderest of husbands; so spiritual a man, and so spiritual a union, I never had any adequate idea of. Oh, how does my soul praise God, for his gracious providence! What a help-mate he is to me, and how much better do we love one another than we did a year ago!'

Many months afterward, she writes: "My dear husband's health is not good. What the Lord will do with us I know not. When I think of his life or health, being in danger, I am not anxious as I used to be, but can rest in the love and wisdom of my unchangeable friend. For this I praise him, because no words can express the treasure I possess in our union; and in proportion as I get nearer to God, I find a daily increase of that union; yet I am enabled so to give him up to the Lord, that it holds my soul in a quiet dependence and sweet adherence to the divine will."

Again she writes: "And do we see the anniversary

of our blessed union yet another year? And are we yet more happy and more tender toward each other? Yes, glory be to God! we are; and what is better, I can truly say, our souls get nearer to God. We are more spiritual and live more for eternity.

"The Lord has showed me that he would make his will known to me through that of my dear husband, that I was to accept his directions as from God, and obey him as the church does Christ. That, as I must give myself to his guidance as a child, and wherever we were called, or however employed in the work of God, I should always find protection, while I renounced all choice by doing the will of another rather than my own."

Mrs. Fletcher's health was far from being strong, and she sunk under the fatigues which her zeal imposed upon her. When they had been married a little more than three years she was seized with a fever of a very alarming kind. At this time she writes, "I had now a fresh instance of the tender care and love of my blessed partner; sickness was made pleasant by his kind attention." Having promised to preach at a place where they had always been accustomed to go together, he was constrained

by her illness to go alone. He was deeply affected, and in his sermon talked much of the piety and excellence of his beloved wife; his affectionate congregation sympathized in his feelings and joined in his prayers. When he returned home, he said to her, "My dear, I could scarcely speak to the people. I felt I knew not how, as if thy empty chair stood by me. Something seemed to say we should soon be parted; and I thought, 'Must I meet these people, and see her empty chair always by me?'"

One day he said to her, "My dear love, I know not how it is, but I have a strange impression death is very near us, as if it be some sudden stroke upon one of us; and it draws out all my soul in prayer that we may be ready. Lord, prepare the soul thou wilt call; and, oh, stand by the poor disconsolate one who shall be left behind."

While she was ill he often in imagination passed through the whole parting scene, and struggled for the fortitude of perfect resignation. Sometimes he would say, "Oh, must I ever see the day when thou art carried out to be buried? How will the little things thou were accustomed to use, and all those which thy tender care has prepared for me, in every

part of the house, how will the sight of them wound and distress me!"

But *she* was the one called to taste the bitter cup of separation. Before she was entirely recovered, he was likewise attacked by fever. On Saturday he was so ill, that Mrs. Fletcher begged he would not attempt to preach; but he answered that he believed it to be the will of the Lord; and in such cases, she never ventured to dissuade him.

This last service to his people was an affecting scene. While reading the prayers, he nearly fainted away. His wife made her way through the crowd, and begged him to come out of the desk; some other friends did so likewise; but with a sweet smile, he begged them to desist, and not interrupt the order of God. The windows were opened, and a friend having presented him with a bunch of fragrant flowers, he was somewhat revived. He preached with a degree of strength and earnestness that surprised his hearers. After the sermon, he went to the communion-table, with these words, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat."

The congregation was very large, and the service lasted long. He could scarcely stand, and was often

obliged to stop for want of power to speak. His people were all weeping around him. As soon as the service was over, he was carried to his bed, where he immediately fainted away. After having obtained a little refreshing sleep, he waked with a pleasant smile, saying, "You see, my dear, that I am no worse for doing the Lord's work. He never fails me when I trust in him."

From that time he grew weaker. His sorrowing wife prayed to the Lord to spare her beloved husband a little longer, if it were his good pleasure: but she says, "My prayer seemed to have no wings. It was held down, and I could not help continually mingling therewith, 'Lord, give me a perfect resignation.' This uncertainty in my own mind made me rather tremble, lest the Lord was about to take the bitter cup out of my dear husband's hand, and give it unto me."

One day she said to him, "My dear love, if I have ever said or done anything to grieve thee, how will the remembrance wound my heart shouldst thou be taken from me." With inexpressible tenderness he entreated her not to admit such thoughts, declaring his great thankfulness for the enjoyment he had derived from their perfect union.

His conversation was full of humility and faith.

When he was nearly speechless, he made a sign with his finger, saying, "When I do this, you will know that I mean God is love, and we will draw each other to God. Observe! We will draw each other to God." This sign he repeated often, as long as he had power to make the motion. His last prayer, as he affectionately pressed the hand of his beloved partner, was, "Husband of the church, be husband to my wife!"

He died on Sunday night, after an illness of nine or ten days. His widow thus writes: "Three years, nine months, and two days, I lived with my heavenly-minded husband; but now the sun of my earthly joy is set for ever, and my soul filled with anguish, which only finds consolation in total resignation to the will of God. When I was asking the Lord if he pleased to spare him to me a little longer, the following answer was impressed on my mind with great power: 'Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory.' In the accomplishment of this word of promise I look for our reunion. It explained itself thus: that in Christ's immediate presence was our home, and that in being deeply centred in him, we should be reunited. I received it as a fresh marriage for eternity. Whenever I thought of this expression, 'to behold my glory,'

it seemed to wipe away every tear, and was as the ring by which we were joined anew. As such I trust for ever to hold it."

At the first return of the anniversary of her husband's death, she writes in her journal: "I was led to reflect on my union with my dear husband, and saw how much of the heavenly state we had enjoyed together; and it seemed as if I so longed to give up all for God, that I offered up to his divine will even our eternal union, if it were so in reality, as many suppose, that spirits forget all they have known and loved here. Then the question arose, 'What part of our union can heaven dissolve? It will take away all that was painful, such as our fears for each other's safety, our separations, &c. But what of the pleasant part can heaven dissolve?' I answered, from the bottom of my heart, 'Nothing, Lord, nothing!' Clear as light it appeared to me that heaven could not dissolve anything which agreed with its own nature. What came down from God, would, when returned to its source, live for ever, and be corroborated, but not lessened.

"I am quite at a loss for words to describe the feelings of that hour; but it fixed in my soul an assurance of our eternal union."

Some time after, she writes: "Last night I had a powerful sense in my sleep, of the presence of my dear husband. I felt such a sweet communion with his spirit as gave me much peaceful feeling. I had for some days thought that I ought to resist, more than I did, that lively remembrance of various scenes in his last illness, and many other circumstances, which frequently occurred with much pain. This thought being present to my mind, I looked on him. He said, with a most sweet smile, 'It is better to forget.' 'What,' said I, 'my dear love, to forget one another?' He replied with inexpressible sweetness, 'It is better to forget; it will not be long; we shall not be parted long; we shall soon meet again.' He then signified, though not in words, that all weights ought to be laid aside. His presence continued till I awoke."

A long time after, it is written in her journal: "This day five years my beloved was on his death-bed. And how is it with me now? I answer from my heart, 'It is well.' I love him at this moment as well as I ever did in my life; but I love the will of God still better. I adore thee, my Almighty Saviour, that thou hast done thine own will, and not mine! and that my dearest love has been five years in glory. Oh, that I might be per-

mitted to feel a little of what he now is. Lord, are we not one? 'The head of the woman is the man, as the head of the man is Christ;' and 'whom God hath joined together none can put asunder.' We are yet one; and shall I not feel a communication from thyself passing through that channel? Lord make me spiritually-minded—'meet to partake the inheritance of the saints in light.'

"Last night I prayed I might not have so disturbed a night as I have found of late, but that the Lord would keep away those hurrying dreams, which often disturb the quiet repose of my spirit. And it was so; I found a difference. About the middle of the night I saw my dear husband before me. We ran into each other's arms. I wished to ask him several questions concerning holiness, and the degree to be expected here, &c. But I found something like a dark cloud on my memory, so that I said in myself, 'I cannot frame the question I would ask; I am not permitted.' At length I asked, 'My dear, do you not visit me sometimes?' He answered, 'Many times a day.' 'But,' said I, 'do not principalities and powers strive to hinder you from communing with me?' He said, 'There is something in that.' 'And does their opposition cause you to suffer in

coming to me?' He replied, 'There is not much in that.' 'Do you know every material thing that occurs to me?' 'Yes.' 'And may I always know that thou art near me, when I am in trouble, or pain, or danger?' He paused, and said faintly, 'Why, yes;' then added, 'but it is well for thee not to know it, for thy reliance must not be upon me.' He mentioned also some in glory who remembered me—and said, 'Mr. Hey is with us also; he bade me tell thee so; and by that thou mayest know it is I who speak to thee.' Mr. Hey died a short time before, very happy in the Lord."

Old age came upon Mrs. Fletcher with a complication of bodily diseases, among which were dropsy and cancer. Speaking of this, she says: "I discern the near approach of dissolution, and am daily made sensible of decay. But these symptoms give me no dreary prospect. The will of God is my choice, in whatsoever way it manifests itself. I feel a bleeding wound from the loss of that dearest and best of men. But I am conscious he is not dead! 'He that believeth in Jesus shall never die.' The will of God is so dear to me, I rejoice that it is done; though against my tenderest feelings. I have communion with my dearest love

before the throne. He waits for me– he beckons me away. I want to be a meet partaker with my dear, dear, holy husband, now in light. I want to feel a fuller degree of the spirit in which he lives. O, Lord, thou knowest our union was far more in spirit than in the flesh; thou hast said, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Are we not still *one!*"

The infirmities of age and disease crowded fast upon this venerable Christian. Her zeal and benevolence continued unabated, but the suffering body could no longer obey the dictates of the purified spirit. She complains that she could "not see to write half what she felt in her heart." Through her whole life, her kindness to the afflicted and the destitute knew no bounds; she wanted to relieve all the misery there was in creation. Her book of expenses gave a striking proof how little she required for herself, and how entirely she lived for others. The yearly sum she expended upon her own person never amounted to *five pounds;* while her annual expenditure for the poor was never less than *one hundred and eighty pounds.* She was accustomed to say, "It is not important what we have, but how we use it."

The last mention she makes of her husband is as follows: "I feel death very near. My body is full of infirmities; yet I am able to creep through each day, and to work a little in my Lord's vineyard. This day, September twelfth, I am seventy-six years old, and the same day my dear husband would have been eighty-six. It is nearly thirty-four years since our blessed union. It seems but yesterday; and he is as near and dear as ever. Surely we shall remember the scenes we have had together. Oh, my God, and Father, enable me to walk in thy presence! Give me power to cleave to thee every moment. I feel the powers of darkness are vehemently striving to distract and hinder me. My soul doth wait and long to fly to the bosom of my God."

Three months after she wrote this, she "slept in Jesus." She died, in peace and joy, on the ninth of December, 1815, and her spirit joined her husband in that world, where all that is pure in human affection, becomes the immortal love of angels, and shares the eternity of God.

MRS. HOWARD.

To her who was truly his wife, he was united in 1758, when he was about thirty years old. She was the daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq., of Croxton. Early accustomed to the indulgences of wealth, she formed no frivolous tastes, no expensive habits. Amiable, affectionate, and benevolent, she found her greatest delight in doing good. They were both pious; and she so cordially assisted in all his plans, and seconded all his wishes, that she might have appropriately said to her husband, in the beautiful language of Milton's Eve, "God is thy law, thou mine."

Their residence at Cardington was fitted up in the neatest and most unostentatious manner. All the linen necessary to furnish the house, was spun by the cottagers in the neighbourhood, under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. Howard herself; and during his life he always made it an object to use such articles as could be manufactured by his poor neighbours. When absent for any time, he always left particular directions for the comfort of his aged nurse; and when he was at home, he would himself see that coals were sent to her cottage, to

warm her bed, every night when the weather was cold enough to require it. In all these things, Mrs. Howard warmly sympathized. She attended upon the sick, fed the hungry, and clothed the destitute. Soon after her marriage, she sold her jewels, and put the money into her husband's charity purse. On settling his accounts one year, Mr. Howard found an unexpected balance in his favour; and he asked his wife if she would like to take a trip to London. "What a comfortable cottage for a poor person might be built with the money we should expend!" was her benevolent reply. The sum was appropriated as she suggested; and this excellent couple enjoyed the purest satisfaction of the human heart—that of preferring the good of others to our own.

The same sympathy prevailed in their religious impressions.

Wishing to observe the effect on her mind, Mr. Howard once asked her to accompany him to some place of fashionable resort in London. In the midst of the brilliant crowd, she seemed serious and contemplative. "Tell me, dear Harriet, what you are thinking about," said he. "I am thinking of Mr.———'s sermon last Sunday," she replied.

A degree of simple and tasteful elegance pervaded

their dwelling, and gave indication of that true refinement, which usually accompanies purity of heart.

There was a good deal of rural beauty in the arrangement of the grounds. In one place, the broad gravel walk was thickly shaded by majestic firs, which Mr. Howard brought home when he returned from his first travels on the continent. One tree, planted by his beloved wife, was the object of his peculiar attachment. Many a happy hour was spent in this quiet grove, in devising and talking over the extensive schemes of benevolence, which he afterward lived to execute.

A rustic hermitage, called the Root House, on account of its being made entirely of the roots and trunks of trees, was a favourite place of resort.

A lamp made out of a root was in the centre, and masses of peat served for chairs. A book shelf was fitted into a recess in the wall, and the Gothic portico and windows admitted light enough for the student. This little library betrayed the tastes and feelings of the owner; for here might be seen the works of Hervey, Flavel, Baxter, Milton, Thomson, Young and Watts.

Mr. Howard, though mild and affectionate, was a great friend to subordination in families. He thought

implicit obedience was the duty of wives, as well as children.

Before their union, Mr. Howard wished his lady to make a promise that if a discussion arose upon any subject, it should always be left to his decision. She cheerfully made the promise; and what is more to the purpose, she always kept it.

More complete happiness than fell to the lot of this worthy pair can hardly be imagined to exist on earth —perfect sympathy on all subjects, with the power and the will to do good continually. For about seven years Mr. Howard enjoyed the company of his beloved partner and valuable assistant; and then death came to interrupt for a time, the union which was to be renewed in heaven. Mrs. Howard died in March, 1765, soon after the birth of their only child. Her husband felt his loss acutely, but he bore it like a Christian. He never alluded to her without expressions of affection and respect, amounting to veneration. He caused a tablet to be erected to her memory in Cardington church, bearing the following beautiful inscription:—

In hope of a resurrection to eternal life,
Through the mercy of God by Jesus Christ,
Rests the mortal part of
HENRIETTA HOWARD,
Daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq.,
Of Croxton, in Cambridgeshire;
Who died the 31st of March, 1765, aged 89.

She opened her mouth with wisdom,
And in her tongue was the law of kindness.

Proverbs xxxi. 26.

MRS. LAFAYETTE.

When Lafayette was imprisoned at Olmutz, in 1793, by the Austrian government, he was informed that he would never again see anything but the four walls of his cell. Even the jailers were forbidden to mention his name, and in the government despatches he was signified merely by a number. No visitors could gain access to him; no newspapers were allowed; and it was impossible for him to gain the least information concerning the fate of his family.

His wife, for a long time uncertain of his existence,

was immured in the prisons of Paris, daily expecting to be led to the scaffold, where the greater part of her family had already suffered. During this alarming crisis, she spent much of her time in prayer. The death of Robespierre saved her; but she did not regain her liberty for some time after. The first use she made of her freedom, was to set off for Vienna, with an American passport, and under a feigned name.

Here she succeeded in exciting the compassion of Prince de Rossenberg, by whose means she obtained an audience with the Emperor. She pleaded strongly for the release of her husband on the grounds of common justice and humanity, and urged her strong desire to see him restored to his family. The emperor said it was out of his power to grant her request, but he was willing she and her two daughters, (then about twelve and fifteen years of age) should enliven the prisoner by taking up their abode with him. This indulgence was gratefully accepted, and the long-separated friends were restored to each other.

Madame Lafayette was deeply affected at the emaciated figure and pale countenance of her husband. She found him suffering under annoyances much worse than she had feared.

She wished to write to the emperor; but this was refused. She made applications for redress in other quarters, but received no answer, except, "Madame Lafayette has submitted to share the captivity of her husband. It is her own choice."

At length, her health, already impaired by sixteen months imprisonment in Paris, began to give way. She solicited permission to go to Vienna to breath pure air, and consult a physician. During two months she received no reply: but, at last, she was informed that the emperor permitted her to go out upon condition that she never returned to the prison.

Being desired to signify her choice in writing, she wrote as follows:—

"I considered it a duty to my family and friends to desire the assistance necessary for my health; but they well know it cannot be accepted by me at the price attached to it. I cannot forget that while we were on the point of perishing, myself by the tryanny of Robespierre, and my husband by the physical and moral sufferings of captivity, I was not permitted to obtain any intelligence of him, not to acquaint him that his children and myself were yet alive; and I shall not expose myself to the horrors of another separation.

Whatever, then, may be the state of my health and the conveniences of this abode for my daughters, we will gratefully avail ourselves of his Imperial Majesty's generosity, in permitting us to partake this captivity in all its circumstances."

After this, Madame Lafayette fearful of being separated from her husband, refrained from making any complaint; although the air of the prison was so fœtid that the soldiers, who brought food, covered their faces when they opened the door.

The excellent man, to whom the world owes so much, continued at Olmutz four years.

The unsuccessful efforts to effect his escape, made by Henry Bollman, a young German, and Francis Huger, a South Carolinian, (whose father had first received Lafayette when he came to the United States) are too universally known to be repeated here. Joseph Russell, Esq., of Boston was in Paris during the reign of Robespierre, and by his aid, the son of George Washington Lafayette, came to America, where he still remained till his family were in safety.

After much equivocation and delay, the intervention of General Buonaparte released the prisoners from Austrian power. Lafayette resided in Hamburg and

Holstein for a time, and then returned to France after an absence of eight years.

His wife belonged to the noble family of Noäilles. Her character was patient, gentle, and affectionate; and she was, of course, much beloved by her husband and children.

During her various imprisonments, surrounded by an accumulation of horrors, her health received a shock, from which it never recovered. She died in 1807.

All the world knew that the venerable patriarch long survived at La Grange, surrounded by affectionate children and grandchildren.

MRS. JOHN CLAYTON.

The late Mrs. Sarah Clayton was the daughter of Mr. William Ellis, of Fenchurch-street, London, and entered this world on the 28th of December, 1779. Her childhood was spent chiefly at home, as from the delicate state of her health she was not able to bear the bustle, and some of the inevitable restraints of school. The instruction which she received was partly from an aunt, and partly at the establishment of Mrs. Walker,

of Hackney. She was in the constant habit of attending, with her parents, on the ministry of the Rev. John Clayton, of the King's Weigh-house, Eastcheap, and under his discourses was frequently the subject of deep convictions of sin. An intimacy having been formed between her and the sister of the Rev. George Ford, of Stepney, she often went to hear him at Zion Chapel, and Orange-street, Leicester-square. It was while attending to one of his discourses that her inquiring and anxious mind obtained spiritual relief; and it proved the more immediate instrument of that change which she always considered as her conversion to God. It has been her frequent exclamation, "Oh, that I could always be the subject of those lively impressions which I felt when Mr. Ford gave his address to the people from that beautiful passage, 'Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.'"

On June 4th, 1801, she was united to the church at Stepney, and remained in communion with that Christian society till her marriage with the Rev. John Clayton, jun., in 1803. It is obvious from the written records of her experience, that her entrance on so new a sphere of relationship and duty called forth

a spirit of most earnest prayer, that she might not only prove a suitable partner to her husband, but that, in the "semi-public station in which she was to be occupied, she might exemplify the character of a Christian minister's wife." This was a period at which she evidently spent much time in converse with God, and in the exercise of habitual vigilance, that neither her religious profession, nor the ministry to which she was allied, might be justly blamed. "I think," she writes, "that some of those who marry ministers carry themselves proudly, so that the poor are afraid of them; and some are so vulgar, that the rich are disgusted with them; some are so light and trifling, that they are hindrances rather than helpmeets to their husbands. O Lord, preserve me from these three evils!"

In the course of a comparatively few years, she became the mother of eight children, three of whom are numbered with the dead, and five of whom survive. During this period of life, her domestic character pleasantly and advantageously exhibited itself to view. Punctual in her early morning devotions, she was always prepared calmly to enter on the duties of the busy day, and was remarkable for the order, accuracy, and

efficiency of their fulfilment. She often quoted a familiar saying of her mother-in-law, "that everything in a family should have its proper place and season, and that the mistress should *guide* the house, and not *drive* it." She was very considerate as to the requirements which she made of her servants, and wished, as she said, "to see them always adequately employed, but not in a violent hurry, as the work was then likely to be ill done, and bad tempers to be excited." As the minds of her little ones were developed, she attentively watched the opportunities of conveying the simple truths of the gospel to their understandings, as well as of applying them to the heart; and her surviving sons and daughters can attest how earnest and constant were her efforts to conduct them to that gentle Shepherd who gathers the lambs in his arms, and carries them in his bosom; and how repeatedly, on the evenings of the sabbath, as she knelt in the midst of the youthful group, she bedewed their heads with the tears of devout desire that Christ might be formed in their hearts, the hope of glory.

The following extract from her diary will best exhibit the state of her mind, in reference to the eternal welfare of her children:—

"I have just had an interesting and melting interview with my two sons. I entered into full conversation with them on the great concerns of their souls, and was enabled to engage in prayer with them with much liberty. This solemn interview will not be forgotten by me. O that it may produce serious impressions on them! I feel it a most momentous affair to be a parent; and as my children rise up into society, I am anxious to know that they have commenced their travels to a better country. The hopes and fears to which *Christian* parents are liable, can only be fully known by experience. What would satisfy a *worldly*, is not sufficient for the *Christian* father or mother. No; we cannot fully rejoice till we can say, Our children are walking in the truth. I want something more than mental furniture upon common subjects, and decency of conduct. I long for the tears of penitence, for the cry, 'What must I do to be saved?' for the holy and bold resolution to join themselves to the Lord in a covenant not to be forgotten. O to hear them say, 'Here, Lord, we give ourselves away; it is all that we can do.' Lord, hear my request! I ask not, as the mother of Zebedee's children, that my two sons may be eminent in their stations in this life,

—*that* I leave entirely in thine hands; but *I do importunately ask* that they may have seats in the church on earth, and in the kingdom of heaven at last."

In the arrangements of providence, her companion removed from Kensington, where he was first fixed as pastor, and settled over the church in Camomile Street, London, which was in a widowed state, owing to the death of the Rev. John Reynolds. In the year 1819, the Christian community removing to the new chapel in the Poultry, an alteration soon took place in the times of conducting public worship. It then became the practice of Mrs. Clayton to devote the afternoon of the Lord's day to her children; and she thus states her opinion upon this subject:—"If I were in single life, or had no little family, I should generally deem it my duty to instruct in the Sunday school; but I do not like those ostriches who run to great distances in the desert, and neglect their own brood." Her custom she continued, therefore, until her offspring reached an age when they retired to read by themselves, or attended the services of some neighbouring sanctuary. As they successively passed away into society, and into different positions of life, she was wont to say, "Well, our children are no longer under the wing of our immediate

protection, now let us spread the wings of more earnest prayer for them." During this course of parental proceeding, it was the habit of herself and husband to devote special seasons to prayer, that the blessing of God might rest on their united endeavours to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

While Mrs. Clayton shone in the domestic department, to which she was principally devoted in the earlier years of married life, her example in the public scene became brighter and brighter as she advanced. Several of the religious and humane societies at the Poultry originated exclusively in her benevolent agency, assisted for a considerable length of time only by one or two steady coadjutors. In the establishment and movements of all, she became singularly active. Her words were, "I think that I am acquiring some influence among our beloved people, and as it is a talent for which I am responsible, I must try and turn it to a good account. I am ashamed to see so many professors, who have much leisure, but who spend their time in nothing else but idle gossiping, and give themselves up to no useful pursuit whatever. O Lord, may I not be a drone, but a busy bee in the hive to which I belong." The

committees of "the Schools," of the "Maternal and Benevolent Societies," and of the "Cheap Clothing Society," can bear testimony to her zeal for their welfare, and her untiring assiduity to maintain their useful operations. She was the life and soul of "The Friendly Female Society," instituted for the removal of a debt of a thousand pounds on the school-house and asylum; and upon her completion of that enterprise, on her return home, her joy was such, that she wept profusely, and exclaimed, as her husband read over the details of the meetings, "I feel that I am an utterly unprofitable servant towards God; but I bless his name, that he has enabled me and my companions, notwithstanding some have discouraged us, to finish this work!"

Some time afterwards, on the receipt of a silver tea-service, and a purse of one hundred guineas for her husband, from the church and congregation, and which (to use her own words) were "presented in a manner so unostentatious, delicate, and affectionate, as to delight her heart," she was so overpowered with strong emotions, that for many days together, she was occasionally weeping (as she said) with gratitude to God, and tender attachment to the people of her choice;" adding, "I am no admirer of those religious ramblers who rove every-

where, and seem to me, after all, to do little or nothing that is effective. I dwell among my own people."

About five years ago, Mrs. Clayton was attacked with an affection which seemed to indicate a disease of the heart, which greatly enfeebled her strength, and which, in connexion with certain painful anxieties respecting some of her children, bore down her animal spirits. On her recovering from a confinement of some months to her chamber, she writes: "I have felt a very strong temptation to retire altogether into privacy; but I must resist it, and hope to pursue an active course with as much vigour as the impaired state of my health will admit." This determination she has amply fulfilled; for until her last fatal illness, she was unremitting in her attempts to sustain and advance those institutions into the prosperity of which she took so lively an interest.

Her death is thus described: about twenty minutes to five, her attendant knocked at his door, and said, "O sir, will you come into my mistress's room, for she has given two or three sighs, and really seems as though she did not breathe!" He hastened into the chamber, and finding no pulsation at the wrist, and no beating at the heart, as he wiped away the cold perspiration from her face, and bent over her to give her a parting kiss,

he saw unequivocal indications that her spirit had fled from the clay tenement, and had winged its way to the bosom of her Saviour and her God. The household was immediately alarmed: several came around her bed: one or two exclaimed, "No, she is not dead, it is only a fainting fit." But it proved to be the crisis of dissolution, the moment of her glorious birth into a world were no sigh is heaved, no groan is heard, no tear is shed, and where the immortal inhabitants can suffer no painful separations.

MRS. JUDSON.

Ann Hasseltine, daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Rebecca Hasseltine, was born at Bradford, Massachusetts, December 22nd, 1789. Her early years were distinguished by the qualities which, sanctified by her devotion to Christ, at a later day placed her name among the most illustrious of her sex. Her mind was strong, active, and clear; her spirits buoyant, her attachments ardent, and her fertility of resources for the accomplishment of her purposes amazing and infallible. She was dignified and even commanding in

her bearing, and yet was affable and winning. It is difficult to say whether fortitude or benevolence were the ascendant trait in her character, to such an extent did she mingle the sterner powers with the most gentle and womanly affections. Indeed, she appears to have been specially raised up for the sphere in which she illustrated the highest virtues of the woman and the Christian. Her education at Bradford Academy seems to have been ample and thorough. Her mind was well disciplined, and her acquisitions large. She pursued her studies with the same ardour and intenseness with which she gave herself to all her pursuits and plans. Her intellectual culture became an indispensable aid in the important part which she was subsequently called to perform.

Her first serious attention to the subject of religion was occasioned by opening Hannah More's Strictures on Female Education, and casting her eye on the passage, printed in italics, "*She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth.*" It is often said of Bunyan, that he would never have been qualified for the work which he performed, had it not been for the peculiar and wonderful process through which he passed in his conversion. Mrs. Judson was a very different

character, and her conversation was marked by very different features; but it bore the same relation substantially to the mission which she subsequently fulfilled. It was marked by striking tokens of the divine presence and grace, working the most thorough self-abasement and self-renunciation, and the most cordial and confiding trust in the Redeemer. Though unused to "discriminating preaching," her theological views, which evidently were understood by herself, and received on intelligent grounds, were remarkably scriptural, harmonising very nearly with those of Edwards and his school. Edwards on Redemption is mentioned as a work by which she was specially "instructed, quickened, and strengthened." Her face kindled with joy while she spoke of its "precious contents." Indeed, her conversion, and her establishment in a life of faith, as she has herself narrated it, might with great advantage be recommended to inquirers as indicating the method of the sinner's acceptance with God.

Mr. Judson's acquaintance with Miss Hasseltine, in 1810, resulted very soon after in an offer of marriage on his part, and an invitation to share with him the responsibilities and perils of missionary life. To an

American woman it was an untried path, beset with difficulties and dangers. It was not in her nature to enter it without a thorough consideration of any question which might suitably bear upon her decision. Mr. Judson, with an honourable manliness, in the very act of proposing to her and to her parents this participation in missionary life, pourtrayed every discouragement in its truest colours. The struggles through which her own mind passed in arriving at a decision she has faithfully recorded, and they furnish a beautiful tribute to her delicacy as a woman, and to her fortitude and devotion as a Christian. Mr. Judson's offer was accepted, and thus were brought together two extraordinary characters, most remarkably suited to each other, and to the exalted sphere of Christian duty to which they were assigned. They were married at Bradford, February 5, 1812. Mr. Judson, with Messrs. Newell, Nott, Hall, and Rice, were ordained the next day at Salem, and on the 19th of the same month, as before stated, Mr. and Mrs. Judson embarked for Calcutta.

The Caravan, with this precious freight on board, arrived at Calcutta June 18th, and the missionaries soon found themselves hospitably lodged with Dr. Carey at Seramphore.

They reached Rangoon in July, 1813. Mrs. Judson was exhausted and enfeebled by the cares, privations, and dangers through which she had passed; and, on their arrival at Rangoon, was unable either to ride on horseback or to walk from the shore. Borne on the shoulders of four natives, she reached the mission-house of Felix Carey, in which they were hospitably received by Mrs. Carey, her husband being absent at the time, and where they found a home. By a series of providential events, the attempts of the English Baptist and other missionaries to establish a mission in Burmah had failed of success, and the field, forbidding as it was, came now under the exclusive care of American Baptists, to whom Mr. Judson had already appealed, and who, in immediate response, accepted Mr. and Mrs. Judson as missionaries. Mrs. Judson's letters and journal, written at about the time of their arrival at Rangoon, are remarkable for the strong faith which they indicate amid hours of the deepest gloom and darkness. She seems to have possessed the clearest evidences of her being personally in the path of duty, and to have anticipated the triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom, even on that hostile soil, undisturbed by a doubt. She enjoyed the sweetest and most intimate

communion with her Lord, and trode the earth as more than half the inhabitant of a higher sphere.

During the period when Mr. and Mrs. Judson were acquiring the knowledge of the language and of the people, it was a blessing of great moment that they lived on terms of respect and friendship with the viceroy. One of the high officers is spoken of as especially considerate and friendly. The ladies of the palace received Mrs. Judson as a friend and equal, a circumstance which might at some time be to the advantage of the mission. But, though treated with respect by the authorities, and respected, too, by the people, it was for a long time that they seemed to labour utterly in vain. The moral darkness around them was dense and unbroken. By a long process of disappointments and disasters, God had disciplined his servants for their work, and now he would show them how utterly feeble and ineffectual were their endeavours, until he should bestow his blessing.

In November, 1819, the impression made by the labours of the missionaries had attracted the attention of the local authorities, and the significant solicitude of those authorities had awakened the apprehensions of the converts and inquirers. An appeal to the king in behalf

of religions toleration seemed the only hopeful way of removing the fears of the people, and accordingly Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman undertook the ascent of the Irrawaddy to the capital on this important errand. In conformity with the established usages of Oriental countries, they bore with them presents for the king and his officers of state, choosing such as best befitted their character and purpose. For the king they procured a copy of the Bible, elegantly bound in six volumes, each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper. They reached Ava in safety, and, through the kind offices of Mr. Judson's friend, the former Viceroy of Rangoon, they were admitted to the palace with less than the usual preliminary difficulties. They were conducted, "through various splendour and parade," to a flight of stairs, the ascent of which brought them to a lofty hall, magnificent in its decorations, and extended through long lines of stately pillars. At length they caught sight of the modern Ahasuerus, approaching in the distance, "unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch." "He strided on. Every head, excepting ours," says Mr. Judson, "was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on

the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. 'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great king.' I replied. 'When did you arrive?' 'Are you teachers of religion?' 'Are you like the Portuguese priests?' 'Are you married?' 'Why do you dress so?'" The missionaries answered these and other questions, and the king seemed pleased. He sat down and listened to their petition, in which they frankly and fully stated their character and purposes as Christian missionaries. He then took the petition himself, and read it through deliberately without saying a word. When he had read this, they placed in his hands a small tract, illustrative of the Christian religion. He held the tract long enough to read two sentences which affirmed the existence of an eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that besides him there is no God. This was enough. He dashed the writing to the ground. An attendant attempted to aid the purpose of the missionaries by unfolding the elegant volumes which were designed for the king, but he did not notice them. "In regard to the objects of your petition," said the minister of state, "his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them: take them away." Thus ended the first attempt

to secure toleration in Burmah; thus the monarch of that country treated his first knowledge of the only true God.

On the 8th of June, Mr. Judson was suddenly arrested at his dwelling by a posse of officers, one of whom, known by his "spotted face," was an executioner. Throwing Mr. Judson upon the floor, they bound him with cords, answering the importunity of his wife on his behalf with threats to take her also. She offered the "spotted face" money to loosen the cords, but he spurned the gift and dragged away his victim, pausing at a few rods' distance to tighten the instruments of torture. The faithful disciple, Moung Ing, followed to trace the teacher's steps, and to procure, if possible, a mitigation of his sufferings. He returned with the intelligence that the order of the king had consigned Mr. Judson to the death-prison; he saw no more. Next, Mrs. Judson found herself a prisoner in her own house, the magistrate of the place summoning her to the veranda for examination. Hastily destroying all letters and papers in her possession, lest they should disclose the fact that she and her husband had correspondents in England, and had taken notes of all occurrences which they had witnessed in the country, she

submitted to the scrutiny of her inquisitor, who left her under the guard of ten ruffians, whom he charged to keep her safe. Night came, and darkness. Barring herself and her four little Burman girls in an inner room, she was ordered by the guards to open the doors and come out, or they would tear the house down. Partly, however, by threats, and partly by bribes, she quieted them so far that they let her alone, carousing, however, through all the night, and pouring forth the most diabolical language to which she had ever listened.

This dreadful night of personal danger, and of painful apprehensions as to her husband's fate, was but the beginning of sorrows. The next morning, Moung Ing brought to her the information that her husband and all the white foreigners were confined in the death-prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, subsequently increased to five, and fastened to a pole to prevent their moving. She entreated the magistrate for leave to go to some member of the government on behalf of her husband, and wrote a letter to her friend, the king's sister, but in vain. Night found her a prisoner still. On the third day, a message to the governor of the city, expressing her desire to appear before him with a present, resulted in an order for her release. Gifts wrung

from the wretched woman secured the promise of an amelioration of her husband's sufferings, and permission to visit him in prison, and, by the same means, all the prisoners were delivered from their suffocating confinement, and placed in an open shed within the prison inclosure. Hither she sent food and mats for them all, commencing those angelic ministries to the sufferers which have rendered her name immortal. Next, her hopes were raised by the prospect of a successful petition to the queen; then came the confiscation of Mr. Judson's effects, the most exact lists of them being made by officers in attendance. Fertile in resources, she secreted a considerable sum of money, alike indispensable to her support and to any successful intervention in behalf of her husband, and saved, likewise, numerous articles, which, during the long imprisonment, proved to be of inestimable value. Then followed the dashing of all her hopes by the refusal of the queen to interfere. Again she was refused admittance to her husband, and the sufferings of the prisoners were increased; and again relief to them was purchased by her judicious use of presents. Month after month passed away, during which this incomparable woman employed her time in devising and executing measures for the comfort of the

prisoners, and specially for the release of her husband, scarcely a day passing in which she did not visit some member of the government or some branch of the royal family; with no other effect, however, than that she and the objects of her solicitude were kept from despair by the encouraging promises of the capricious court. No one dared approach the despot on the throne in favour of a foreigner while the English were on their successful march toward Ava.

An incident connected with this imprisonment remained to the end of his life among Dr. Judson's most vivid recollections. Seven months of these privations and sufferings had passed away, during which Mrs. Judson had used her inexhaustible resources of talents and influence in ministering to the necessities of the prisoners, meeting extortion and oppression with gifts, and capricious and vexatious orders with extra fees, and conciliating the good will of those in power by her intelligence and eloquent persuasion. "Oh, how many, many times," says Mrs. Judson, in her letter to her brother, "have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night [a distance of two miles], solitary, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself in that same rocking-chair which you and

Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavoured to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners."

But new miseries were yet in store. The hot season had now come, and the close confinement of the prisoners were scarcely to be endured. New severites were practiced, and the unremitted exertions of Mrs. Judson failed to procure more than the slightest alleviations. Even the governor of the city, to whom she was indebted for many friendly offices, resisted her appeals, until her husband was prostrate with fever, when he ordered his removal to a bamboo hovel, "a palace in comparison with the place he had left." Three days afterward, the governor sent for her in great haste, detaining her with inquiries about his watch, while her husband and all the other white prisoners were removed she knew not whither. She ran in every direction, making inquiries in vain, until at length she learned from an old woman that they had gone toward Amarapoora, the old capital, distant six miles. "You can do nothing for your husband," said the governor; adding, kindly and significantly, "*take care of yourself.*" She was satisfied that there was danger, but she was not to be deterred from her

purpose. She obtained a passport, and the next morning, with her child, the two Burmese children, and a Bengalee servant, set off for Amarapoora, first in a boat and then in a cart. Through the dreadful heat and dust she arrived at the government house, but the prisoners had just left for a village beyond, "the never-to-be-forgotten Oung-pen-la." Arrived at that place, she overtook them in an old shattered building, scarcely protected from the sun, chained two and two, and almost dead from suffering and fatigue. "Why have you come?" said Mr. Judson, in gentle and sad reproof. "I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here." The jailer would not permit her to remain at the prison, but he gave her a shelter in one of the rooms of his own house, and there she spent the next six months of wretchedness. It was on the dreadful march to this prison, under the burning heat of a mid-day sun, that Mr. Judson's feet stained the sand with their blood, and that he was saved from perishing by the considerate kindness of the Bengalee servant of one of the prisoners, who tore his turban from his head, and, dividing it between his master and Mr. Judson, bound it around their feet, and then permitted Mr. Judson to lean upon him for the rest of the way.

When night came, the kindness of woman furnished refreshments for the prisoners, and in the morning carts were provided to bear them the rest of the way to Oung-pen-la.

On their arrival at this place, the prisoners supposed they were to be burned, and endeavoured to prepare their minds for the event. But the repairs upon the building rekindled their hopes, and they soon found some alleviations of their condition. These alleviations were not of such character, however, as to remove their miseries. Oppression and extortion still remained the features of their prison discipline, and the tender mercies which they experienced were only the capricious indulgencies of tyrants. Mrs. Judson, in turn, became now the helpless sufferer. Her health gave way; her poor child lost its unaccustomed nourishment; and the wretched father, permitted to go abroad from the prison by the force of presents to his keepers, bore the famishing and helpless thing from house to house about the village, begging its food from mothers who had young children.

But deliverance was at hand. The English army made its triumphant march toward Ava, and the humbled king at length "sent an embassage, desiring conditions of peace." The services of Mr. Judson were

now important to him, and his release was ordered. The period of their sufferings had not yet expired, but they were cheered with brighter hopes, and in February, 1826, they were permitted to rest under the protection of the British flag, in the camp of General Sir Archibald Campbell, who had demanded their release.

Descending the river to the territories ceded by the Burman government to the English, Mr. and Mrs. Judson commenced missionary operations at Amherst, a new town, designed to be the British capital. Scarcely, however, were they fixed in this new abode, when urgent overtures were made to Mr. Judson to accompany an embassy to Ava, to negociate a new treaty. In the hope that an article providing for religious toleration might be incorporated, Mr. Judson yielded to the wishes of the commissioner, and parted with Mrs. Judson on the 5th of July, never to see her more on earth. Her constitution, broken by the intense sufferings and cares of the long imprisonment, yielded to an attack of fever, and, after eighteen days' illness, she departed this life, October 24th, 1826, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Her husband returned to his desolate home in the deepest affliction, unable to gain any particular information as to the state of mind with

which she approached death, saving only that she resigned her spirit to God who gave it with calm and trusting faith. Her funeral was attended by all the English residents, and the Assistant-Superintendent, with thoughtful kindness, placed "a small rude fence around her grave, to protect it from incautious intrusion." Her child survived her just six months,

"And then that little moaning one
Went to its mother's bosom, and slept sweet
'Neath the cool branches of the hopia-tree."

Thus lived and died Ann H. Judson. Her life was short, but filled with stirring incidents and useful deeds. It is not strange that, living, she gained the love and admiration of the Christian world, nor that, dying, her name found its place at once among the heroines of history. It is not extravagance to characterize her as the woman of the century.

MRS. SHERMAN.

In childhood and early youth, Martha (or as she was always called Patty) Tucker, was not exempt from many of the usual faults and foibles of that age, or free from that "foolishness," which Scripture and experience show, "is bound up in the heart of every child," and, perhaps, did not materially differ from her young companions, except in a more than usual volatility of spirits, and remarkable sweetness of temper. Her countenance was *never* disfigured by the pout of ill-humour, or the scowl of discontent, but was always smooth and serene, as the placid temper of which it was the faithful index. Those beautiful lines of Cowper, might with strict propriety be applied to her—

"Thy constant flow of love, which knew no fall;
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
Which humour interposed too often makes."

So completely and constantly was her smooth and open brow thus unruffled, that she has been asked playfully to frown, to shew if such an expression

were posssible. Whenever her eye met the eye of another, it was invariably lighted up by a smile, and it was often said, "I dare not look at Patty in a place of worship, for she is sure to smile, look at her when and where you may." Nor was this the smile of mere placidity or indifference. Her good humour was an active principle; she was ever the first to do a kind office, or to yield precedence to another.

Another trait of her childhood should not be omitted —her natural politeness. While few have exceeded, or, perhaps, equalled her, in her fondness for sports of every kind, yet even in her most playful days, a stranger calling, or a guest staying at her father's hospitable house, was sure of receiving the most minute attentions from little Patty,—at the same time these were the attentions of a child; as far removed from the womanly forwardness of some, as from the awkward shyness of others. The Rev. Matthew Wilks, happening to call one day, when Patty, then a very little child, was alone in the dining-room, she placed a chair for him, took his hat, and persuaded him to take some refreshment, engaging him in conversation till her mamma's return. When Mrs. Tucker came in, the old gentleman told her,

how much he had been indebted to the kind attentions of her little daughter, adding, as he patted her on the shoulder, "You are the first young lady that has taken a fancy to my old face."

With a lovely person, a cultivated mind, an amiable temper, fascinating manners, and fervent piety, it is wonderful that Martha remained single till her 29th year. It will readily be supposed this was not because her heart and hand had been unsolicited. Numbers had sought that privilege of herself and of her father, but something had always occurred to prevent the acceptance of any offer, or the winning of so susceptible and tender a heart.

On the 3rd of March, 1835, the happy union with Mr. Sherman was solemnized at Enfield Church. Two of the wedding party besides herself—and one of them the most unlikely of the whole group, from his youth, health, and promise of long life—are now in eternity; so uncertain are the brightest prospects this world can give. Like all days of pleasure on earth, this had its alloy. The tears of parents, who were confiding and resigning their only child, and of a dutiful and affectionate daughter, who was separating herself from the special care of those who had tenderly loved her,

and watched her interest with unfailing kindness, occasionally interrupted its cheerfulness. Amidst the hearty wishes and prayers of her friends, she left the parental roof, and after a tour in the north, arrived at her house in Reading.

During her eighteen months residence in Reading, it pleased God to spare her life twice by great deliverances. In the month of July succeeding her marriage, her husband was driving her and a Christian friend in a phæton to Henley; when, about half the distance from that town, by some extraordinary neglect, the linch-pin of the forewheel came out, and let the carriage down on one end of the fore-axle—the friend who sat behind was thrown out first, her husband next, and herself last; but in falling out, her foot became entangled in the rein, which bound itself tightly round her ancle: the horse took fright and ran a distance of above one hundred yards, with Mrs. Sherman dragging by the side of the wheel. Never can the sensations of that moment be forgotten. Death in one of its horrid forms seemed inevitable. In an agony, strengthened by despair of help from man, for no creature was near at the moment, her husband screamed to the horse to stop, and God made the animal obedient,—for though running at an immense

pace, the moment he heard his master's voice he stood stone still, till he came up to him, and released his precious treasure, whom he received again as alive from the dead. Oh! none can tell the intense suffering of such a moment, to the spectator, but such as have experienced it, and it is hoped their number is small. Except her clothes being torn from her person, and some few lacerations of the skin, Mrs. Sherman had sustained little injury, and after a few days was as well as usual. This accident happened on Friday, the regular evening on which the weekly concert for prayer was held, and arriving in Reading just at the time of their assembling, an opportunity was afforded for her husband to inspire the people to unite with him in thanksgivings to God, for so signal a deliverance.

HER REMOVAL TO SURREY CHAPEL, AND LABOURS AMONG THE YOUNG.

On Sabbath-day, August 27th, 1836, her husband preached his last sermon at Castle Street Chapel, Reading, to a vast and deeply-affected congregation; and on the Tuesday following she bade farewell to those who had so kindly and so tenderly assisted her in her new and responsible duties. Crowds gathered

round the carriage to have the last shake of the hand, and a smile from that loving countenance which conveyed such inexpressible sweetness; while mutual good wishes and prayers were exchanged amid many tears. After three days' sojourn at Enfield with her parents, she took up her residence at the parsonage adjoining Surrey Chapel, built by Mr. Hill, and in which he had lived for above fifty years.

From the foundation of Surrey Chapel, Mr. Hill had collected around him a number of holy and liberal men, who by their labours and property, were ever ready to second and carry out his designs of usefulness; so that the congregation had taken part in originating some, and in largely supporting most of the existing institutions for evangelizing the population, and for bettering their temporal condition. It was therefore known as a focus of liberality and activity, to which Mr. Hill by his munificence and devotedness set a noble example.

The wisdom required in the newly appointed minister and his wife, was, to keep this vast machinery in accelerated motion—to bring into use these already prepared materials—to confirm the members in their acts of piety and devotedness—and, though without

the ample means of Mr. Hill, to set such an example of liberality, as might advance, rather than check, the generosity of the congregation. For such purposes, Mrs. Sherman was pre-eminently adapted, as her future course gave the most satisfactory evidence; and her husband on looking back, cannot but attribute, under the Divine blessing, much of the harmony, piety, and zeal evinced, to her prudence, love, example, and unceasing devotedness to the interests of the Church and its institutions.

The first object to which she directed her attention was the formation of a class of young females, too old to attend the Sunday School, and too young and inexperienced to assist in teaching,—with the hope that by preparatory instruction and discipline, they might hereafter become intelligent and useful teachers in the various schools belonging to the congregation. The fact had often occasioned her considerable anxiety, that a very large proportion of our Sunday scholars, when they arrive at the age of fourteen or fifteen, commence a system of Sabbath profanation, are lost to the congregations who train them, and seldom attend a place of worship; and she determined, if possible, to arrest the evil, by giving the females an opportunity of still

obtaining instruction, without going into the school. The dining-room in the parsonage was appropriated to their use on the Sabbath afternoon, and she commenced her first effort with fifty-three scholars, on December 1st, 1836, having previously circulated some judicious rules for their government.

Her highest object was to awaken conviction of their sinful state; and by lovely exhibitions of Christ and his salvation, to bring them to decision for him. The subjects she chose were plain and full of the gospel; the plenitude of grace, and the beauty of holiness, were her favourite themes, illustrated with the biography of the ancient saints of holy writ, or of modern believers whose names and characters were familiar to the Christian world. She had a peculiarly happy art of interspersing hints on neatness in dress,—on habits of domestic economy,—on cleanliness, order, and punctuality,—on submission to parents—which told with great effect on their minds; and many of the scholars, now mothers of families, recollect and repeat those monitions with gratitude and joy. It is remarkable how successful her efforts in this class were, with respect to the decision of the scholars—scarcely one who continued with her any length of time remained unconnected with

the church; and though she had her disappointments and trials in some, by far the greater number were ornaments to their profession, and zealous for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Simultaneously with the formation of her Sabbath Class, Mrs. Sherman commenced a Maternal Association, composed of mothers, whose education, piety, and station, gave them influence in the church and congregation.

In consequence of the success attending the effort among the poor at Surrey Chapel, she endeavoured to interest several ladies to form and preside over associations in connection with each of the Sabbath Schools belonging to the congregation, and obtained their consent, at least, to make the effort.

Several of these associations were formed, under pleasing hopes and promises of advantage to the poor; but the removal of their leaders from the field of labour, in some cases by death, in some by change of residence, and in others by affliction, caused a few of them to be abandoned; in one instance, after every effort had been made, the poor mothers could not be prevailed upon to attend more than two or three meetings, when they found that no temporal gain was attached to the service.

Some of them, however, continue to this day the little centres of piety and domestic instruction, blessing the attendants, and conveying blessings to all whom they influence.

A lady, one Friday morning, heard some poor women speaking of Mrs. Sherman. One of them said, "There she is, the dear creature; she is like Jesus Christ." "What do you mean?" said another, "I know she is very good; but why is she like Jesus Christ?" "Because," replied the first, "she never despises any one, and has always a smile and a kind word for the poor."

No grace shone more conspicuously in her than humility. Every thing she undertook was begun with trembling, and prosecuted with fear; she had no confidence in herself, nor any leaning to her own understanding, the most childlike spirit of dependence on her Heavenly Father characterized her entire course of life. When a letter was read to her a few weeks before her death, containing an allusion to the bright example she had set, she remarked, "I cannot understand what they mean. They have drawn a picture in their imagination of what they think I ought to be as a minister's wife, and then have persuaded themselves that I resemble it, because they do not know me." Such

language in the lips of some, would be a hint for flattery, but in her the transparent sincerity with which it was uttered was visible to all, and her whole conduct demonstrated, that she believed the lowest place suited her best. On an occasion when a similar remark was made by a friend, she replied, "Alas! that any one should think my imperfect walk, every step of which needs cleansing in my Saviour's blood, suitable for imitation. I can only answer in the sentiments of Cowper,—

'Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped but in thy righteousness divine;
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defil'd,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er perform'd, it was their brightest part
That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
Cleans'd in thine own all purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at thy feet, my only plea
Is what it was—dependence upon thee;
While struggling in the vale of tears below
That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now.'"

CHAPTER IX.

TABLE TALK, ETC., ON LOVE, WOMAN, MARRIAGE, AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

WOMAN.

FROM THE GREEK OF ST. BASIL.

There shines an all-pervading grace,
A charm, diffused through every part
Of perfect woman's form and face,
That steals, like light, into man's heart.

Her look is to his eyes a beam
Of loveliness that never sets;
Her voice is to his ear a dream
Of melody he ne'er forgets:

Alike in motion or repose,
Awake or slumbering sure to win;
Her form, a vase transparent, shows
The spirit's light enshrined within.

Nor charming only when she talks,
  Her very silence speaks and shines;
Love gildes her pathway when she walks,
  And lights her couch when she reclines.

Let her, in short, do what she will,
  'Tis something for which man must woo her;
So powerful is that magnet still
  Which draws all souls and senses to her.

PLUTARCH.

Women who honour and submit to their husbands, procure honour and respect to themselves; but when they strive to get the mastery, they become a reproach, not only to themselves, but to those who are so ignominiously degraded. However, it behoves a husband to control his wife, not as a master does his vassal, but as the soul governs the body with the gentle hand of mutual friendship and reciprocal affection. For, as the soul commands the body, without being subject to its pleasures and inordinate desires; in like manner, a man should so exercise his authority over his wife, as to soften it with compliance and kind requital for her affectionate submission.

LUTHER.

Between husband and wife there should be no question as to *meum* and *tuum*. All things should be in common between them, without any distinction or means of distinguishing.

St. Augustin said, finely: A marriage without children is the world without the sun.

Maternity is a glorious thing, since all mankind have been conceived, born, and nourished of women. All human laws should encourage the multiplication of families.

The world regards not, nor comprehends the works of God. Who can sufficiently admire the state of conjugal union, which God has instituted and founded, and whence all human creatures, yea, all states proceed. Where were we, if it existed not? But neither God's ordinance, nor the gracious presence of children, the fruit of matrimony, moves the ungodly world, which beholds only the temporal difficulties and troubles of matrimony, but sees not the great treasure that is

hid therein. We were all born of woman—emperors, kings, princes, yea, Christ himself, the Son of God, did not disdain to be born of a virgin.

The state of matrimony is the chief in the world after religion; but people shun it because of its inconveniences like one who, running out of the rain, falls into the river. We ought herein to have more regard to God's command and ordinance, for the sake of the generation, and the bringing up of children, than to our untoward humours and cogitations; and further, we should consider that it is a physic against sin and unchastity. None, indeed, should be compelled to marry; the matter should be left to each man's conscience, for bride-love may not be forced. God has said: "It is not good that the man should be alone;" and St. Paul compares the church to a spouse, or bride, and a bridegroom. But let us ever take heed that, in marrying, we esteem neither money nor wealth, great descent, nobility, nor lasciviousness.

He who intends to marry, should consider these points following: 1. God's command. 2. The Lord Christ's confirmation thereof. 3. The gift or present of Christ. 4. The first blessing. 5. The promise that is

made thereunto. 6. The communion and fellowship. 7. The examples of the holy patriarchs. 8. The temporal laws and ordinances. 9. The precious benediction and blessing. 10. The examples of the wicked. 11. The threatening of St. Paul. 12. The natural rights. 13. The nature and kind of the creation. 14. The practice of faith and hope.

Marrying cannot be without women, nor can the world subsist without them. To marry is physic against incontinence. A woman is, or at least should be, a friendly, courteous, and merry companion in life, whence they are named, by the Holy Ghost, house-honours, the honour and ornament of the house, and inclined to tenderness, for thereunto are they chiefly created, to bear children, and be the pleasure, joy, and solace of their husbands.

Dr. Luther said one day to his wife: "You make me do what you will; you have full sovereignty here, and I award you, with all my heart, the command in all household matters, reserving my rights in other points. Never any good came out of female domination. God created Adam master and lord of living creatures, but Eve spoilt all, when she persuaded him to set him-

self above God's will. 'Tis you women, with your tricks and artifices, that lead men into error."

On what pretence can man have interdicted marriage, which is a law of nature? 'Tis as though we were forbidden to eat, to drink, to sleep. That which God has ordained and regulated, is no longer a matter of the human will, which we may adopt or reject with impunity. 'Tis the most certain sign of God's enmity to popedom, that he has allowed it to assail the conjugal union of the sexes.

It was mentioned at table that a book had just been published, setting forth the apology of bigamy: the doctor for awhile remained silent, and seemed plunged in grave reverie. At length he said: "I have often wondered at the king of Arabia having seven hundred wives." Some one observed: "Sir doctor, what say you to Solomon, who had three hundred wives, or queens, and seven hundred concubines? The text, moreover, adding, that a number of young girls at his court had not been reckoned up." The doctor replied: "'Tis to be kept in mind that the list of queens in Scripture comprehends the royal family of David, who were supported by his son. The elector of Saxony has

a great number of ladies at his court, princesses, noble damsels, women of honour, maids of honour, women of the bedchamber, and what not; but it does not follow that these are all his wives. As to Solomon having entertained all these women as his wives, 'tis out of the question, impracticable." Some one asked, did Solomon perform penitence? Luther replied: "No, but the Scripture tells us, 'He slept with his fathers,' wherefore I conclude he was admitted to beatitude, such being the meaning of that expression, which is not employed with reference to Absalom. Scotus has formally damned Solomon."

'Tis a grand thing for a married pair to live in perfect union, but the devil rarely permits this. When they are apart, they cannot endure the separation, and when they are together, they cannot endure the always seeing one another. 'Tis as the poet says: *Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te.* Married people must assiduously pray against these assaults of the devil. I have seen marriages where, at first, husband and wife seemed as though they would eat one another up: in six months they have separated in mutual disgust. 'Tis the devil inspires this evanescent ardour, in order to divert the parties from prayer.

Dr. Luther said, in reference to those who write satirical attacks upon women, that such will not go unpunished. If the author be one of high rank, rest assured he is not really of noble origin, but a surreptitious intruder into the family. What defects woman have we must check them for in private, gently by word of mouth, for woman is a frail vessel. The doctor then turned round and said: let us talk of something else.

There was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, a schoolmaster, a pious and learned man, whose heart was fervently inclined to theology, and who had preached several times with great applause. He was called to the dignity of deacon, but his wife, a violent, fierce woman, would not consent to his accepting the charge, saying, she would not be the wife of a minister.

It became a question, what was the poor man to do? which was he to renounce his preachership, or his wife? Luther, at first said, jocosely: "Oh, if he has married, as you tell me, a widow, he must needs obey her." But, after awhile, he resumed, severely: "The wife is bound to follow her husband, not the husband his wife. This must be an ill-woman, nay, the devil incarnate, to

be ashamed of a charge with which our Lord and his apostles were invested. If she were my wife, I should shortly say to her: 'Wilt thou follow me, aye, or no? Reply forthwith,' and if she replied: 'No:' I would leave her, and take another wife."

He who has an old, spiteful, quarrelsome, sickly wife, may fairly reckon himself in purgatory.

I advise in every thing that ministers interfere not in matrimonial questions. First, because we have enough to do in our own office; secondly, because these affairs concern not the church, but are temporal things pertaining to temporal magistrates; thirdly, because such cases are in a manner innumerable; they are very high, broad and deep, and produce many great offences, which may tend to the shame and dishonour of the gospel. Moreover, we are therein ill dealt with; they draw us into the business, and then, if the issue is evil, the blame is altogether laid upon us. Therefore, we will leave them to the lawyers and magistrates. Ministers ought only to advise and counsel the consciences out of God's Word, when need requires.

The celibacy of spiritual persons began in the time of Cyprian, who lived two hundred and fifty years after

the birth of Christ; so that this superstition has continued thirteen hundred years. St. Ambrose and others believed not that they were human creatures, like other people.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

The women here are generally more handsome than in other places, sufficiently endowed with natural beauties, without the addition of adulterate sophistications. In an absolute woman, say the Italians, are required the parts of a Dutch woman, from the girdle downwards; of a French woman, from the girdle to the shoulders: over which must be placed an English face. As their beauties, so also their prerogatives, are greater than any nation; neither so servilely submissive as the French, nor so jealously guarded as the Italian; but keeping so true a decorum, that as England is termed the purgatory of servants, and the hell of horses, so it is acknowledged the paradise of women. And it is a common by-word amongst the Italians, that if there were a bridge built across the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would run into England. For here they have the upper hand in the streets, the upper place at the table, the thirds of their husbands' estates, and their equal share of all

lands; privileges with which other women are not acquainted. In high esteem, in former times, amongst foreign nations, for the modesty and gravity of their conversation; but of late so much addicted to the light garb of the French that they have lost much of their ancient honour and reputation amongst knowing and more sober men of foreign countries, who before admired them.—*Peter Heylin's Cosmographie*, 1652.

COLERIDGE.

PATERNAL CONTROL IN MARRIAGE.—MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.

Up to twenty-one I hold a father to have power over his children as to marriage; after that age, authority and influence only. Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes.

If the matter were quite open, I should incline to disapprove the marriage of first cousins; but the church has decided otherwise on the authority of Augustine, and that seems enough upon such a point.

You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

LOVE.

The best way to bring a clever young man, who has become sceptical and unsettled, to reason, is to make him *feel* something in any way. Love, if sincere and unworldly, will, in nine instances out of ten, bring him to a sense and assurance of something real and actual; and that sense alone will make him *think* to a sound purpose, instead of dreaming that he is thinking.

ADOLPHE MONOD.

Above all, be yourselves; be women; and never sacrifice to the false tastes of men the distinctive occupations of your sex. Tell me not of a young woman who knows how to engage every one's approbation in a concert, but who knows not how to hold a needle, nor how to render herself useful in the family! For the rest; I may include all my exhortations in one word: let the heart be well regulated and the heart will regulate the life. This humility, this love, which are the proper graces of woman, and the first conditions of her mission, nourish them within you by the word of God and by prayer. The world itself would teach you, without the gospel or your own conscience, that if humility and love were banished from all the earth besides, they ought to find perpetual shelter in the heart of a young Christian woman.

DR. MACNISH.

Women have less *active*, but more *passive* courage than men. Surgeons are well aware, that though it is much easier to make a man submit to an operation, yet that, generally speaking, he does not bear it with so much fortitude as a woman. Indeed, women endure all kind of misfortunes (except love ones) better than the other sex.

Talking of age, the longer women live the younger they grow. I know ladies who, six years ago, rated at thirty-five, and who now stand at twenty-nine. It is next to impossible for a woman to get over forty. This is the *pons asinorum* at which the sex almost invariably stick. The only person I ever met with, who confessed that she had passed this barrier, was an old lady of eighty; but, then, her great grandson was a lad of eighteen.

When men complain of the frivolous talk of the fair sex, they should recollect that they themselves are the main causes of it. They treat women like children; and instead of conversing with them upon rational subjects, they address them upon nothing but trifles, and thus fill their minds with worthless and unmeaning

foolery. There is no necessity for making blue-stockings of the sex, (which Heaven forbid,) but they should be treated as rational beings, and not as fools. Men, now-a-days, seldom think of talking to women upon any other subjects than balls, assemblies, and the fashions. What can be expected from such tuition?

A girl much given to dancing can hardly find acceptance in the eyes of a man of true delicacy. Such a man's mind must revolt more or less at the idea of his mistress twirling round in the waltz, or quadrilling it with a set of fellows, the very touch of whose fingers upon her delicate person he must feel as a sort of sacrilege. For this reason, young ladies should dance little, or not at all, in the presence of their lovers.

Men are more intensely selfish than women. There are infinitely more instances of devotion, and of the entire surrender of their own interests at the shrine of affection and duty, in the annals of women than of men.

Talking of jealousy—do not on any account try to make those jealous who are attached to you, for the wanton and unfeeling purpose of trying their affection. Such conduct is extremely base, though too much practised.

It is absurd to say that women cannot keep secrets. I believe, that in this particular they are quite equal to the other sex, and not a whit more apt to divulge what is entrusted to them.

Unmarried people keep secrets better than those who are married. There is such a sympathy and mutual communication between man and wife, that they are apt to let each other into all the secrets which may chance to be communicated to them. This is not so much the case with the votaries of single blessedness.

Married men are, generally speaking, longer-lived than bachelors. This is certainly one inducement to matrimony,—seeing this holy state has so many drawbacks.

When a man is really in love with a girl, he keeps it to himself, and never likes to be quizzed upon the subject.

If a man and his wife have a dispute on any subject, and you are referred to as umpire, make it an invariable rule to decide in favour of the lady.

It is a good rule, however, in all cases of dispute, whether conjugal or otherwise, to decline, when prac-

ticable, the office of umpire. By acting in that capacity, you are sure to displease one party or the other.

JOHN WADE.

The character of our countrywomen is more special, but the qualities they do possess are cultivated to the highest perfection. They are less mobile than our neighbours, but more reliable in conduct, more patient in suffering, more resolute and persistent in purpose. A principal reason why Frenchwomen are more varied in gifts is that more varied duties have been imposed upon them, and greater opportunities afforded for the exercise of diversified abilities. A Frenchwoman more closely resembles a Frenchman than an Englishwoman does an Englishman. But this is the national taste. Feminine qualities are only sought in Englishwomen, and feminine duties expected from them. It is this which makes them so transcendent in domestic life—such excellent wives. Their merits may be fewer, but they are more rare; while those of a Frenchwoman are tripartite—partly those of wife, partly of mistress, and partly of husband. Anglo-Saxonism, political freedom, Protestantism, nicer subordination of parts and commerce, have made the contrast.

OLD HUMPHREY.

There is one habitation at which I am an occasional visitor, that presents a pattern of good housewifery. Kind, quiet, and thoughtful, without bustle, and without ostentation; the mistress, by her systematic and persevering attention to her friends, renders her house one of the most comfortable and delightful in the world. All my wants are anticipated; all my peculiarities provided for; so that, whether I go out or come in, I have constantly the feeling that I am cared for. There is no negligent servant in the establishment; and why? because the mistress is a good housewife! She sees that the servants do their duty. She has kindness enough to desire to make her guests happy, and industry sufficient to effect her purpose. Mistresses of families! again I say, Listen to the admonitions of Old Humphrey, and be good housewives.

Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman is suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a

rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science —woman, taste. Man has judgment—woman, sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman, of mercy.

WOMAN.

To the honour, to the eternal honour of the sex, be it stated, that on the part of duty no sacrifice is to them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from love, honour, innocence, and religion. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affliction—never. The chamber of the sick—the pillow of the dying—the vigils of the dead—the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the "winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her," on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regret; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.

BULWER.

Woman, whose love is so much the creation of her imagination, always asks something of mystery and conjecture in the object of her affection. It is a luxury to her to perplex herself with a thousand apprehensions; and the more restlessly her lover occupies her mind, the more deeply he enthrals it.

ON MARRIAGE.

Some merely seek a dowry, and are much more in heart wedded to the purse than the person.

And some enter upon it lightly and unadvisedly, as if it were a contract that could be dissolved at will, or broken at pleasure.

A wise man will pay some attention to the stock and parentage, both on physiological and moral grounds. He will not be indifferent to the mental training, and the social atmosphere in which the object of his choice has been educated.

Not indifferent to personal attractions, he will have especial respect to the characteristics of the mind, and to the qualities of the heart.

If peace and joy are to result from the marriage compact, there must be mutual agreeableness of person, genial harmony of sentiment, and oneness of pursuit.

Two cannot walk together except they be agreed, and therefore a close and happy union can only be expected to arise from a physical, intellectual, and moral harmony.

There are some things which phrenology describes as most desirable. The principle of adhesiveness which is the cement of the bond, a goodly measure of concentrated affection, an evident manifestation of benevolence, which is the crowning glory of mankind.

It is not safe to be allied with those of wavering, unsettled minds, with those of suspicious tendency, or with close reserve and cherished secretiveness, or with a disposition to irritation and anger, and much less to envy, jealousy, and wrath.

Yet imagine not that any earthly being should possess in full perfection, all thou wouldst desire; and forget not, that with thy own frailties some kind forbearance must be exercised.

This never can be a concern of small import, or of minor moment; it is a life-lease of increased good, that nothing else can give; or of protracted grief and sorrow, that the opening grave alone absorbs.

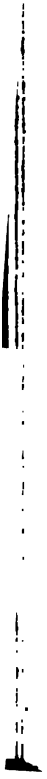
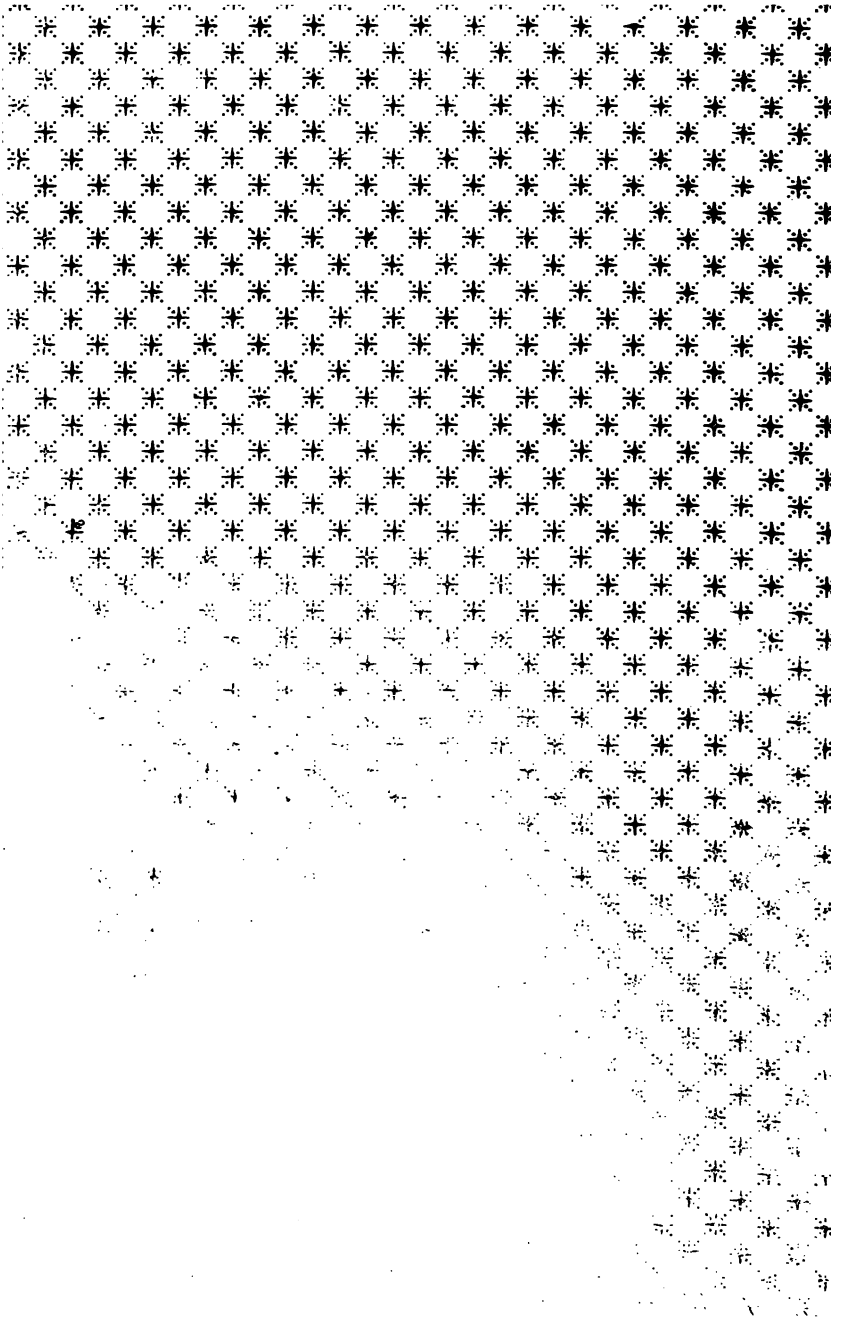
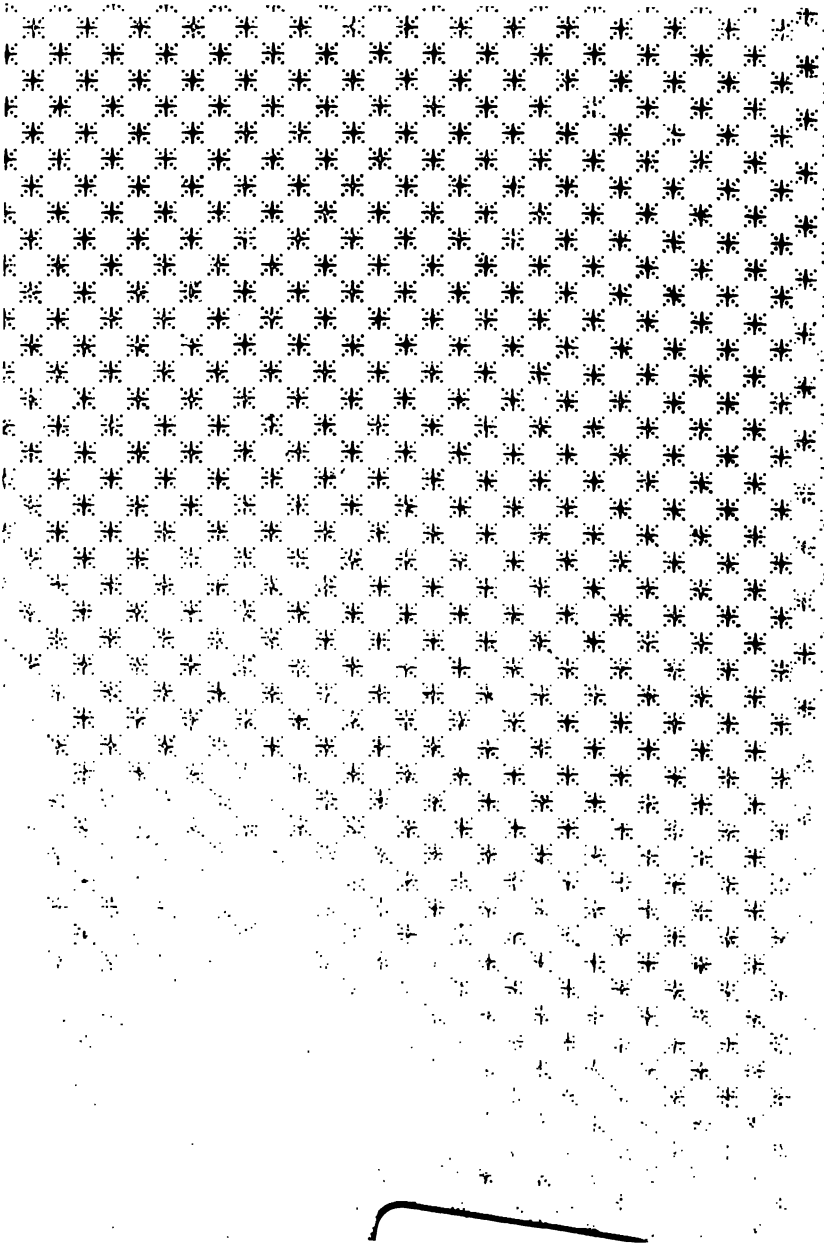
Be wise then in this high concern; enter on its path with care and prudence, and seek that heavenly

wisdom may direct thy steps, and give to thee the richest earthly treasure, a wise, affectionate, and virtuous wife.

And woman, let not thy kind and unsuspecting nature supplant that wise and prudent forethought which thou shouldst with circumspection exercise most rigidly, when thou art moved to enter the marriage circle.

To thee this step, next to the favour of thy God, is all in all.

From henceforth, not thine own, but his, whose dominion will be kind and congenial to thy gentle nature, or rude and violent, and destructive of all thy peace and joy.

If providence doth open clear before thee the path of matrimony, and sends thee one in whom Christian principles and manly generosity, with sterling sense and unquestionable affection dwell, who seeks thy hand, then yield it, and pray God's blessing on it, and prove thyself a wife indeed deserving of his fullest confidence and love, and peace be ever with thee!—*From Dr. Burns'* "*Christian Philosophy or Materials for Thought.*"

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